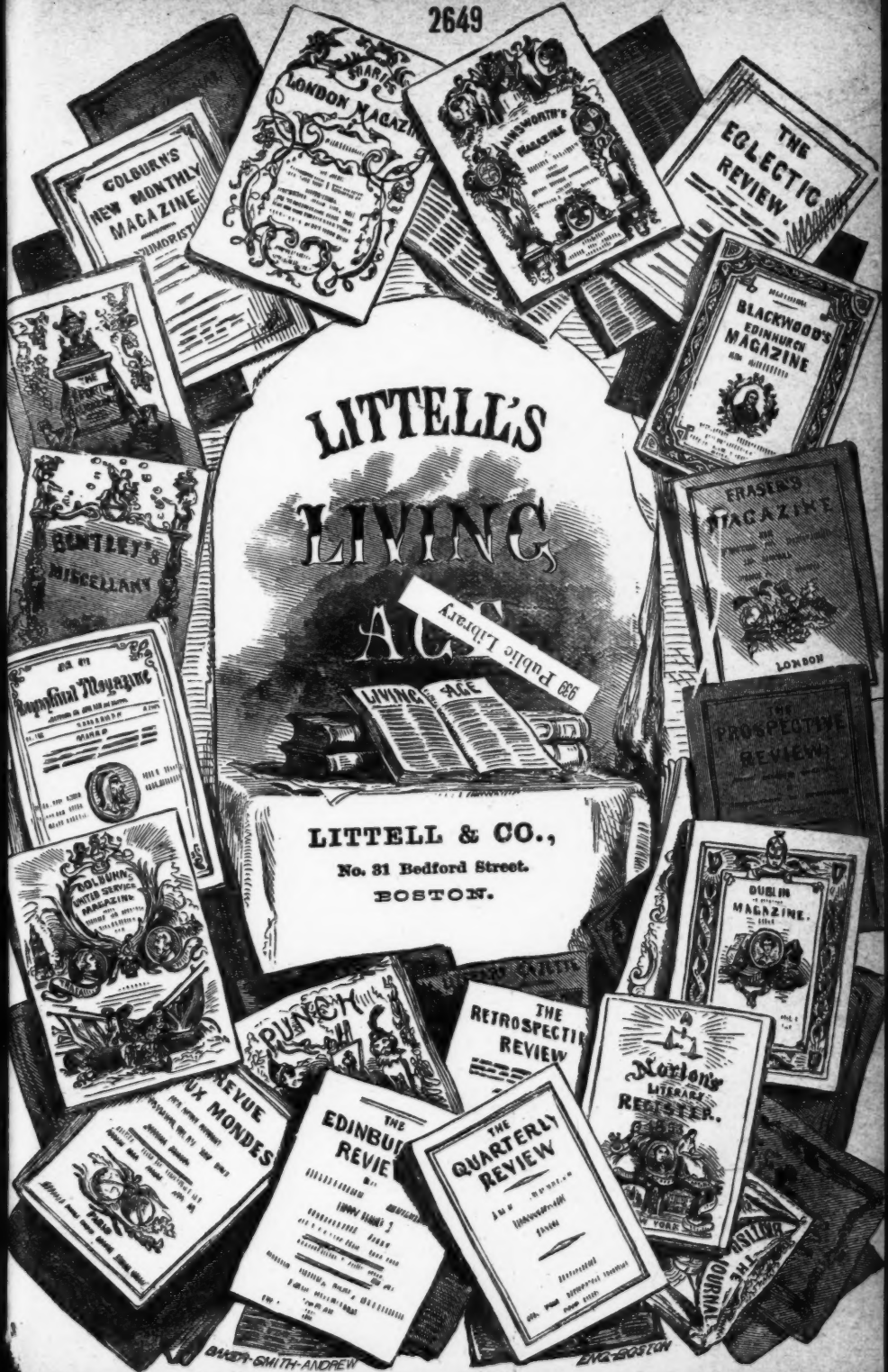


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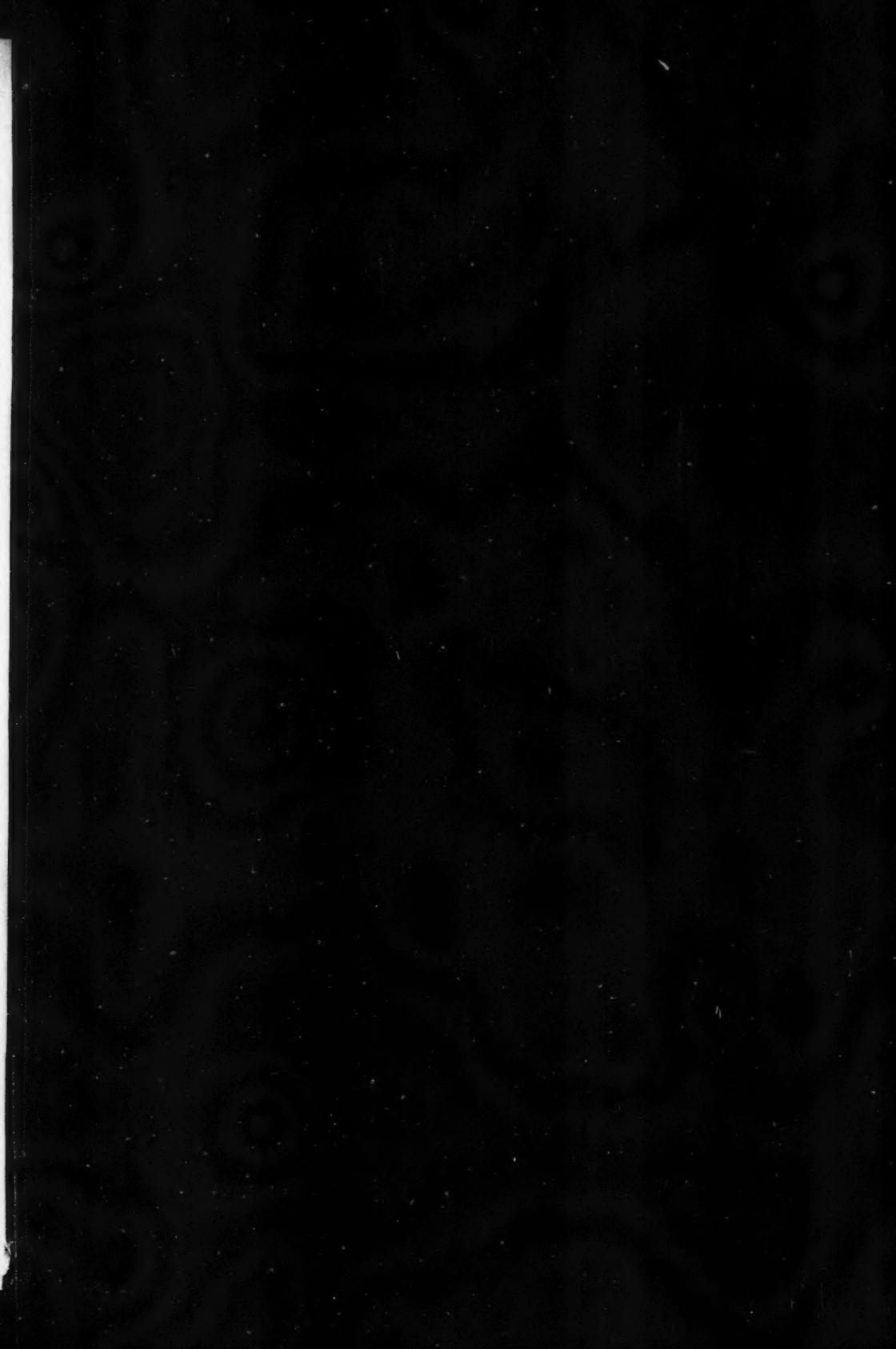
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## HOME TO THEE.

Home — but not to thee, sweet,  
As so oft before,  
Home — but home to thee, sweet,  
Never, nevermore.

Laggard grow the feet, sweet,  
Dragging wearily,  
That stepped once so fleet, sweet,  
Home to Love and thee.

Thou'rt not there to greet, sweet,  
Nor to welcome me,  
I no more shall meet, sweet,  
Home and Heav'n in thee.

Home ! without thy smile, sweet ?  
Home ! without thy kiss ?  
Home ! without thy heart, sweet ?  
Home ! and *that* to miss ?

Home ! no, not to me, sweet,  
Till there can be this —  
Daylight without sun, sweet,  
Heaven without bliss.

Yet — thou art at home, sweet,  
Waiting still for me,  
While I homeless roam, sweet, —  
Home eternally.

And my steps may be, sweet,  
Evermore may be,  
Home, still home to thee, sweet,  
Home to God and thee !

Cornhill Magazine.

## A FAREWELL.

[E. S. PIGOTT, FEBRUARY 23RD, 1895.]

FRIEND, farewell, the word is true and  
sweet,

Although I say it not with any thought  
Of parting long or severance complete.

Farewell, and yet farewell ! may there be  
nought

To hinder thy safe passage o'er the line  
Invisible that parts the lingering way  
Which still is ours from that which now is  
thine.

Be here the darkness left ; meet thou th'  
encountering day.

Light be thy foot that has grown slow of  
late,

And free thy breath, unstayed by fog or  
chill,

Thy shoulders lightened of each mortal  
weight,

No prick of whin-strewn moor or thorny  
hill ;

Hosen and shoon thou gav'st with liberal  
hands,

Kind words and gentle judgment ever  
thine ;

Now take thy way, content, o'er flowery  
lands,

And meet, benignant thou, the eternal  
smile benign.

I far advanced upon the self-same road,  
My heart forestalling still the footsteps  
slow,

Waiting the opening of those gates of God,  
Sick of believing, sick to see and know,  
No word of parting say, no tear will shed,  
But speed with tender greeting and with  
praise

The guest that to a fairer hostel led,  
Goes from our winter forth, content, by  
happier ways.

Till next we meet ! and if meanwhile ere I  
Make up to you, you meet with those of  
mine

Of whom we talked 'neath this same  
wintry sky

The other day ; oh friend, a friendly sign,  
A kind word give, as 'twas thy habit here,  
Ever forestalling question with reply,  
As "All is well, eh ?" lending to the ear  
A token kind of home, to be remem-  
bered by.

Then pass thou on, all cheerful to thy  
place,

Thou whom no whisper of the envious  
crowd

E'er moved to evil word, suspicion base,  
Or echo of ill rumor, low or loud.

The age is almost past was thine and mine,  
The saner days and better near their end.  
How glad would I my lingering past resign,  
And faring forth like thee, recover many  
a friend ?

Spectator.

M. O. W. O.

## NATURE'S MAGIC.

GIVE her the wreckage of strife —

Tumulus, tumbled tower,

Each clod and each stone she'll make her  
own

With the grass and innocent flower.

Give her the Candlemas snow,

Smiling she'd take the gift,

And out of the flake a snowdrop make,  
And a lambkin out of the drift.

Good Words.

VIDA BRISS.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

NEARLY seventy years ago Macaulay expressed a doubt whether Southey's poems would be read in half a century, but was certain that, if read, they would be admired. The doubt has certainly been justified; the certainty may seem more than a little doubtful. Southey's character, which was once subjected to the most unjust, though not perhaps the most unintelligible, obloquy, has long been cleared; and those who most dislike his matured views in political and ecclesiastical matters are the first to admit that few English men of letters have a more stainless record. His prose style, the merits of which were indeed never denied by any competent judges, has won more and more praise from such judges as time went on. But he is less read than ever as a whole, and his poems are the least read part of him. These poems, which the best critics of his own generation admired; on which he himself counted, not in boastfulness or in pique, but with a serene and quiet confidence, to make him as much exalted by the next age as he thought himself unduly neglected by his own; which extorted a grudging tribute even from the prejudice of Byron,—now find hardly any readers, and fewer even to praise than to read. Even among the few who have read them, and who can discern their merits, esteem rather than enthusiasm is the common note; and esteem is about the most fatal sentiment that can be accorded to poetry.

It is of the prose rather than of the verse that Macaulay's prognostication has been thoroughly fulfilled. "The Life of Nelson" represents it a little less forlornly, but with hardly less injustice than "The Battle of Blenheim" and one or two other things represent the verse in the public memory. The stately quartos of "The History of Brazil" and "The Peninsular War," the decent octavos of "The Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society" and "The Book of the Church," the handy little doudecimos of "Es-

priella" and "Omniana," with all the rest, have to be sought in catalogues and got together, not indeed with immense research (for none of them is exactly rare), but with some trouble and delay. In any other country a decent if not a splendid complete edition would long ago have enshrined and kept on view work so admirable in style always, frequently so excellent in mere substance, so constantly enlivened with flashes of agreeable humor or hardly less agreeable prejudice, and above all informed by such an astonishing knowledge of books. Johnson may have been fitted to grapple with whole libraries; but Southey did grapple with them, his industry being as notoriously untiring as the great lexicographer's was notoriously intermittent.

Even in the article of biography the same malign, and to some slight degree mysterious, fate has pursued him. His life was extremely uneventful; but, except for the great catastrophe of Sir Walter's speculative career, it was not much more uneventful than Scott's. He was a delightful, though a somewhat too copious letter-writer; he knew at all times of his life some of the most interesting people of the day; and scanty as were his means he was a hospitable host and an untiring cicerone in a country flooded every year with tourists. But he was as unlucky in his biographers as Scott and Byron were lucky. Cuthbert Southey appears to have been an excellent person of good taste and fair judgment, but possessed of no great literary skill in general, and of no biographical genius in particular; while he had the additional disadvantage of being the youngest child, born too late to know much of his father, or of his father's affairs during earlier years. Dr. Warton, Southey's son-in-law, had more literary ambition than Cuthbert; but he was deficient in judgment and in the indispensable power of selecting from the letters of a man who seems often to have written much the same things to three or four correspondents on the same day. The result is that though

"The Life and Correspondence" is a charming book as a book, with portraits and frontispieces showing the dead and delightful art of line-engraving at its best, and though both it and "The Selected Letters" are full of interest, that interest is, in the ten volumes and perhaps five thousand pages of the two, so frittered and duplicated, watered down and wasted, that only patient and skilled extractors can get at it. An abridgment, putting the life together in Southey's own words, has, I believe, been executed, and by no incompetent hand; but there is always a curse on abridgments. And besides, the charm of a biography consists hardly more in the actual autobiographic matter, found in letters or otherwise, than in the connecting framework. It is because Boswell and Lockhart knew how to execute this framework in such a masterly fashion that their books possess an immortality which even the conversations of Johnson, even the letters of Scott could not have fully achieved by themselves.

Southey, for whose early years there is practically no source of information but an autobiographic fragment written rather late in life, and dwelling on detail with interesting though rather disproportionate fulness, was born in Wine Street, Bristol, on the 12th of August, 1774. His birthday gave him, according to an astrological friend, "a gloomy capability of walking through desolation," but does not seem to have carried with it any sporting tendencies. At least his only recorded exploit in that way is the eccentric, and one would think slightly hazardous, one of shooting wasps with a horse-pistol loaded with sand. His father, also a Robert, was only a linendraper, but the Southeys, though, as their omnilegent representative confesses, "so obscure that he never found the name in any book," were Somerset folk of old date and entitled to bear arms. They had, moreover, actual wealth in the possession of one of their members, the poet's uncle John Cannon Southey, and expectations in the shape of estates entailed upon them in default of the male

heirs of Lord Somerville. Southey, however, never benefited by either, for his uncle's fortune went out of the family altogether, and it turned out that Lord Somerville had somehow got the entail barred. His father, too, failed and died early, and all the family assistance that he ever had came from the side of his mother, Margaret Hill, who was pretty well connected. Her half-sister, Miss Tyler, extended a capricious and tyrannical protection to the boy in his extreme youth (turning him out of doors later on the score of Pantisocracy and Miss Fricker), while her brother, Mr. Hill, a clergyman, was Southey's Providence till long after he reached manhood. After a childhood (unimportant though interesting to read about) in which he very early developed a passion for English literature, he was sent by his uncle to Westminster in the spring of 1788, and remained there with not much intermission till it was time for him to go to Oxford.

This latter translation, however, was not effected without alarms and excursions. Although Southey, neither as boy nor yet as man, was the kind of person thoroughly to enjoy or thoroughly profit by a public school, he was on the whole loyal to his own, and it produced a valuable and durable impression on him. The coarser and more hackneyed advantage of "making friends" he had to the uttermost; for it was there that he made the acquaintance of Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, who was through life his patron as well as his friend, and of Grosvenor Bedford, his constant correspondent and intellectual double. He also profited as much as need be in the matter of education, though, as has happened with other boys who have gone to school with more general information than solid instruction, he was promoted rather too rapidly to become a thorough scholar in the strict sense. Nor did some rough experiences in his early days do him much if any harm. But the end of his stage was in a way unfortunate. Nothing could have less resembled the real man than his ene-

mies' representation of him as a supple and servile instrument, keen to note and obstinate to seize the side on which his bread was buttered, and born to be a frequenter of Mainchance Villa. As a matter of fact he was always an uncompromising and impracticable idealist, though with some safeguards to be noticed presently. In his last days at school he showed this quality just as he did twenty or forty years later, when he constantly struggled to write in the *Quarterly Review* as if he were sole proprietor, sole editor, and sole contributor thereof. It is needless to say that in his time, as earlier and later, any Westminster boy of ability rather above the average, and of tolerable character and conduct, had his future made plain by the way of Christ Church or Trinity as the case might be. But Southey must needs start a periodical called the *Flagellant*, whereof the very title was in the circumstances seditious, and in an early number made a direct attack on corporal punishment. This arousing the authorities, he confessed and expressed contrition; but the head master, Dr. Vincent, was implacable, and not only insisted on his leaving the school, but directly or indirectly caused Dean Cyril Jackson to refuse to receive him even as a commoner at Christ Church. He matriculated at Balliol without demur in November, 1792, going into residence in January. Perhaps, indeed, though his fortunes were now entering on a rather prolonged low tide, this particular ill luck was, even from the lowest point of view, not such very bad luck after all. At Christ Church even as a commoner, much more as a junior student, under such a dean as Jackson, who bore the sword by no means in vain, a youngster of Southey's tone and temper, full of Jacobinism and all its attendant crazes, would have come probably, and rather sooner than later, to some signal mischance, even more decided and damaging to his prospects than the close of his Westminster career. At Balliol, though he was in no particularly good odor, they seem to have left him very much alone, not

resenting even the shocking innovation of his wearing his hair uncropped and unpowdered in hall. His tutor, with perhaps more frankness than sense of duty, said to him, "Mr. Southey, sir, you won't learn anything by my lectures; so if you have any studies of your own, you had better pursue them." This he did by getting up at five o'clock in the morning to breakfast (one shudders to hear) on "bread and cheese and red wine negus" walking all over the country, learning to swim and to row, and associating chiefly with men of his old school. He seems to have kept terms or not with a casualty somewhat surprising even in that age of lax discipline and few or no examinations; and after about a year and a half of this sort of thing he ceased to reside at all. It is scarcely surprising that he should have felt very little affection for a place where he stayed so little and sat so loose; and long afterwards he notes that, though he was constantly dreaming of Westminster, he never dreamed of Oxford.

In fact he was busy with thoughts and schemes quite alien from the existing scheme, or indeed from any possible scheme, of the university. He had made the acquaintance of Coleridge; his boyish friendship with the Miss Frickers had ripened into an engagement with one of them, Edith; he had, though the atrocities of the Terror had much weakened his Gallomania, written "Joan of Arc," and he had plunged ardently into the famous schemes of "Pantisocracy" and "Aspheterism." Of these much has been heard, though I never could make out why, of these two characteristic specimens of Estesian language, Pantisocracy should have secured a place in the general memory which its companion has not. As Coleridge's many biographers have made known, Pantisocracy, a scheme for a socialist colony in Pennsylvania or Wales or anywhere, broke down; and it pleased Coleridge to consider that the blame was mainly Southey's. As a matter of fact it was impossible to start it with-



out money, of which most of the Pantisocrats had none, and the others very little; and no doubt Southey, who, visionary as he still was, had some common sense and a very keen sense of what was due to others, saw that to attempt it would be cruel and criminal. While Coleridge had been ecstatically formulating his enthusiasm in such sentences as "America! Southey! Miss Fricker! Pantisocracy!" his more practical friend was inquiring of Mr. Midshipman Thomas Southey, his brother, "What do your common blue trousers cost?" Alas! when a man combines even an enthusiastic love for Aspheterism with a sense of the cost of common blue trousers, the end cannot be doubtful.

If, however, anybody imagined (and indeed the manufacturers of "Mr. Feathernest" did try to set up such a notion) that Southey relinquished his generous schemes of honest toil abroad for a life of pensioned and voluptuous infamy at home, it was a very vain imagination. For a time, in October, 1794, and later, his prospects were about as little encouraging as those of any young man in England. He had steadfastly resolved not to take orders, the cardinal point of his benevolent uncle's scheme for him; his aunt turned him out of doors; his mother had nothing to give him; and his intended bride was penniless. His wants, however, were exceedingly modest, but fifty pounds a year. He delivered historical lectures at Bristol, lectures of the beautiful sweeping sort ("from the Origin of Society to the American War") which the intelligent undergraduate delights in; and they seem to have been not unsuccessful. John Scott, the future victim of that unlucky duel, undertook to find him journalism at a guinea and a half a week, though it is not clear that this ever came to anything. Cottle (Joseph of Bristol, the brother of Amos) gave him fifty guineas for "Joan of Arc" and as many copies of the book to get rid of by subscription. Lastly, Mr. Hill, his unwearied uncle, suggested that, as he would not take

orders, he should go to Lisbon (where Mr. Hill was chaplain) for six months to "simmer down," and should then read law. Southey consented, but, resolving to make desertion of his betrothed impossible, married Edith Fricker on November 14th, 1795, and parted from her at the church door.

This marriage, and the Portuguese journey which immediately succeeded, may be said to have finally settled Southey's fortunes in life, young as he was at the time. He was never the man to shirk a responsibility, and though for some time to come he loyally attempted to read law, he soon made up his mind that it was never likely to give him a livelihood. On the other hand his visit to the Peninsula, with the interest thus created in its history and languages, gave him that central subject and occupation which is almost indispensable to a working man of letters (such as he was marked out to be and soon became) if he is not to be a mere bookseller's hack. Directly, indeed, Southey's Spanish and Portuguese books and studies were about the least remunerative of all his mostly ill-paid work. The great "History of Portugal," planned almost at once, never saw the light at all; and "The History of Brazil," its more manageable offshoot and episode, was but an unprofitable book. But this visit to Lisbon, and another of somewhat longer duration which he took with his wife some years later, were of immense service. They thoroughly established his health, which had been anything but strong; they gave him, as has been said, a central subject to work upon in which he became an authority, and which served as tie-beam and king-post both to his multifarious work; and they furnished him with one of those invaluable stores of varied and pleasurable memory than which nothing is of more consequence to a man whose life is to be passed in apparently monotonous study. He more than once planned a third visit, but war, scanty finances, unceasing occupations, and other things prevented it; and though in his later years he

took a fair allowance of holidays, not unfrequently on the Continent, he never returned to Cintra and the Arrabida and those charmed territories of the "Roi de Garbe" to which he looked back as a sort of earthly Paradise, for all his consciousness that neither the things nor the people there were in all ways very good.

Nor were many years to pass before he was established in the district with which his name is connected only less indissolubly than that of Wordsworth. He had indeed no special fancy for the lakes, nor for their climate after that of Portugal, and for some years at least had great difficulty in reconciling himself to them; but he hated London, where, when he at last gave up the bar, there was nothing particular to keep him; death and other chances weakened his ties to Bristol, and he had none elsewhere, while his fast-growing library made some permanent abode imperative. At last Coleridge, who had already settled himself at Keswick in a house too large for him, pressed the Southey's to join him there. Mrs. Southey naturally was glad to have the company of her sister, and they went, at first for a short time, but soon took root. Meanwhile the chief practical question had been settled first by the acceptance from his friend Wynn, a man of means, of an annuity of £160, and, secondly, by much miscellaneous newspaper work in the form of poems and reviews. "Thalaba," which had been finished in Portugal, where "The Curse of Kehema," under the name of "Keradon," was begun, brought him some fame, though his gains from this kind of work were always insignificant. But Southey, if he had expensive tastes, did not indulge them; his wife was an excellent manager (too excellent indeed, as the sequel was thought to show), and he contrived in some incomprehensible manner not only to keep out of debt, but to help his own family liberally and strangers with no sparing hand.

The sojourn at Keswick began in 1801, and only ceased with Southey's life, though immediately after his ar-

rival an appointment, which he soon gave up, as secretary to Mr. Corry, the Irish official, interrupted it. Various attempts were made by himself and his friends to get him something better, but without success, and his own preferences, until quite late in his life Sir Robert Peel supplemented them with a fresh pension, were a government annuity of £200 a year (much reduced by fees), which enabled him to relinquish Wynn's, and which was given him by the Whigs in 1808, and the laureateship in 1814 with its pay of rather less than £100 a year. Such were the ill gotten gains for which, according to the enemy, "Mr. Feathernest" sold his conscience.

Although Southey was but seven-and-twenty when he settled at Keswick, and though he lived for more than forty years longer, it is as unnecessary as it would be impracticable to follow his life during this later period as minutely as we have done hitherto. The ply was now taken, the vocation distinctly indicated, and the means and place of exercising it more or less secured. Thenceforward he lived in laborious peace, disturbed only by the loss in 1816 of his beloved son Herbert, about ten years after by that of his youngest daughter Isabel, and later by the mental illness and death of his wife. He never recovered this last shock; and though he married again, his second wife being the poetess Caroline Bowles, it was as a nurse rather than as a wife that Edith's successor accepted him, and he died himself, after some years of impaired intelligence, on March 21st, 1843.

An almost extravagantly Roman nose (the other Robert, Herrick, is the only Englishman I can think of who excelled him in this respect) and an extreme thinness did not prevent Southey from being a very handsome man. His enemy Byron, who had no reason to be discontented with his own, declared that "to possess Southey's head and shoulders he would almost have written his 'Sapphics';" and, despite his immense labors and his exceedingly bad habit of reading

as he walked, he was till almost the last strong and active. The excellence of his moral character has never been seriously contested by any one who knew; and the only blemish upon it appears to have been a slight touch of Pharisaism, not indeed of the most detestable variety which exalts itself above the publican, but of the still trying kind which is constantly inclined to point out to the publican what a publican he is, and what sad things publicans are, and how he had much better leave off being one. We know even better than was known fifty years ago what were Coleridge's weaknesses; yet it is impossible not to wish that Coleridge's brother-in-law had not written, and difficult not to wonder that Coleridge's nephew did not refrain from printing, certain elaborate letters of reproof, patronage, and good advice. So, too, the abuse and misrepresentation which Byron, and those who took their cue from Byron, lavished on Southey were inexcusable enough; but again one cannot help wishing that he had been a little less heartily convinced of the utter and extreme depravity and wickedness of these men. But there was no humbug in Southey; there was a great deal of virtue, and a virtuous man who is not something of a humbug is apt to be a little of a Pharisee unless he is a perfect saint, which Southey, to do him justice, was not. On the contrary, he was a man of middle earth, who was exceedingly fond of gooseberry tart and black currant rum, of strong ale and Rhenish, who loved to crack jokes, would give his enemy at least as good as he got from him, and was nearly as human as any one could desire.

Of his alleged tergiversation little need be said. Everybody, whatever his own politics, who has looked into the matter has long ago come to the conclusion that it was only tergiversation in appearance. Southey once said that political writing required a logical attitude of mind which he had not; and this is so true that it was a great pity he ever took to it. From sympathizing in a vague, youthful way with what he

imagined to be the principles of the French Revolution, he changed to a hearty detestation of its practice. His liking for the Spaniards and his dislike of the French turned him from an opponent of the war to a defender of it, and it was this more than anything else that parted him from his old Whig friends. In short, he was always guided by his sympathies; and as he was never in his hottest days of Aspheterism anything like a consistent and reasoned Radical, so in his most rancorous days of reaction he never was a consistent and reasoned Tory.

Of his life, however, and his character, and even of his opinions, interesting as all three are, it is impossible to say more here. We must pass over with the merest mention that quaint freak of Nemesis which made a mysterious Dissenting minister produce "Wat Tyler" from nobody knows where, and publish it as the work of a Tory laureate twenty-three years after it was written by an undergraduate Jacobin, the oddity of the thing being crowned by Lord Eldon's characteristic refusal to grant an injunction on the ground that a man could not claim property in a work hurtful to the public, by this refusal assuring the free circulation of this hurtful work, instead of its suppression. And we can only allude to the not yet clearly intelligible negotiations, or misunderstandings, as to his succession to the editorship of the *Quarterly Review* when Gifford was failing. In these Southey seems to have somehow conceived that the place was his to take if he chose (which he never intended), or to allot to some one else as he liked; with the very natural result that a sort of bitterness, never completely removed and visible in the review's notice of his life, arose between him and Lockhart after the latter's appointment. His selection by Lord Radnor (who did not know him) as member for Downton in the last days of rotten boroughs, and his election without his knowing it, was another odd incident. The last important event of his life in this kind was the

offer of a baronetcy and the actual conferring of an additional pension of £300 by Peel, who, whatever faults he may have had, was the only prime minister since Harley who has ever taken much real interest in the welfare of men of letters.

But we must turn to the works; and a mighty armful, or rather several mighty armfuls, they are to turn to. The poems, which are the chief stumbling-block, were collected by Southey himself in ten very pretty little volumes in 1837-8. After his death they were more popularly issued in one, his cousin, the Rev. H. Hill, son by a late marriage of the uncle who had been so good to him, editing a supernumerary volume of rather superfluous fragments, the chief of which was an American tale called "Oliver Newman," on which Southey had been engaged for very many years. He had the good sense and pluck (indeed he was never deficient in the second of these qualities, and not often in the first) to print "Wat Tyler" just as the pirates had launched it after its twenty-three years on the stocks. It is very amusing, and exactly what might be expected from a work written in three days by a Jacobin boy who had read a good many old plays. Canning, Ellis, and Frere together could have produced in fun nothing better than this serious outburst of Wat's:—

Think ye, my friend,

That I, a humble blacksmith, here in Deptford,

Would part with these six groats, earned with hard toil,

All that I have, to massacre the Frenchmen,

Murder as enemies men I never saw,

Did not the State compel me?

One would like to have heard Mr. Wopse in this part. For the rest, the thing contains some good blank verse, and a couple of very pretty songs,—considerably better, I should think, than most other things of the kind published in the year 1794, which was about the thickest of the dark before the dawn of the "Lyrical Ballads." "Joan of Arc," Wat's elder sister by a

year, though not published till a year after "Wat" was written, is now in a less virgin condition than her brother, Southey having made large changes in the successive (five) early editions, and others in the definitive one more than forty years after the first. Its popularity (for it was really popular) shows rather the dearth of good poetry at the time of its appearance than anything else. It displays very few of the merits of Southey's later long poems, and it does display the chief of all their defects, the defect which Coleridge, during the tiff over Pantisocracy, hit upon in a letter of which the original was advertised for sale only the other day. This fault consists in conveying to the reader a notion that the writer has said, "Go to, let us make a poem," and has accordingly, to borrow the language of Joe Gargery's forge-song,

Beat it out, beat it out,  
With a clink for the stout,

but with very little inspiration for the poetical. "Joan of Arc" is a most respectable poem, admirable in sentiment and not uninteresting as a tale in verse. But the conception is pedestrian, and the blank verse is to match.

Between this crude production and the very different "Thalaba" which followed it at some years' distance, Southey wrote very many, perhaps most, of his minor poems; and the characteristics of them may be best noticed together. In the earliest of all it must be confessed that the crotchet of thought and the mannerism of style which drew down on him the lash of the "Anti-Jacobin" are very plentifully exhibited. A most schoolboy Pindaric is "The Triumph of Woman." The strange mixture of alternate childishness and pomposity which is almost the sole tie between the Lake poets in their early work pervades all the poems on the slave trade, the Botany Bay eclogues, the sonnets, and the monodramas. Even in the lyrical poems written at Bristol, or rather Westbury, in the years 1798-9, there would be no very noticeable advance if it were not

for the delightful "Holly Tree," from which Hazlitt has extracted the well-deserved text of a compliment more graceful than Hazlitt is usually credited with conceiving, and which, with the "Stanzas written in my Library," is Southey's greatest achievement as an occasional poet in the serious kind. His claims in the comic and mixed departments are much more considerable. "Abel Shuffebottom" is fun, and being very early testifies to a healthy consciousness of the ridiculous. For his English eclogues I have no great love; but it is something to say in their favor that they were the obvious inspiration of Tennyson's English idylls as much in manner as in title. The ballads with the much-discussed "Devil's Walk" as an early outsider in one key, and the curious "All for Love" as a late one in another, have much more to be said for them than that in the same way they are the equally obvious originators of the "Ingoldsby Legends." They are not easily criticised in a few words. In themselves they were not quite fatherless, for "Monk" Lewis, no great man of letters but something of a man of metre, had taught the author a good deal. They are nearly as unequal as another division of Southey's own verse, his odes, of which it is perhaps sufficient to say here that they were remarkably like Young's, especially in the way in which they rattle up and down the whole gamut from sublimity to absurdity. The ballads frequently underlie the reproach of applying Voltairean methods to anything in which the author did not happen to believe, while nothing made him more indignant than any such application by others to things in which he did believe,—a reproach urged forcibly by Lamb in that undeserved but not unnatural attack in the *London Magazine* which Southey met with a really noble magnanimity. But at their best they are very original for their time, and very good for all time. "The Old Woman of Berkeley," one of the oldest and perhaps the most popular in its day, is one of the best. It has a fair pendant in "Bishop

Hatto," and the bishop may meet the modern taste even better than the old woman. The Fastrada story is too much vulgarized in "King Charlemain," and it may be generally confessed of Southey that to the finest touches of romance he was rather insensitive, his nature lacking the "strange and high" feeling of passion. But he is thoroughly at home in "The King of the Crocodiles." Everybody knows "The Inchcape Rock," and "The Well of St. Keyne," and "The Battle of Blenheim;" indeed it is very possible that they are the only things of Southey that everybody does know. The Spanish ballads are not nearly so good as Lockhart's; but Lockhart had the illegitimate advantage of grafting Scott's technique on Southey's special knowledge. Nevertheless it may be said that all the ballads and metrical tales are to this day well worth reading, that both Scott and Byron owed them not a little, and that they indicate a vein in their author which might have been worked in different circumstances to even better advantage.

Still Southey's chief poetical claim is not here; and the best of the things as yet mentioned have been equalled by men with whom poetry was a mere occasional pastime. Of "The Vision of Judgment" it cannot be necessary to say anything in detail. It is not so bad as those who only know it from Byron's triumphant castigation may think; but otherwise I can only suppose that the devil, tired of Southey's perpetual joking at him, was determined to have his revenge, and that he was permitted to do so by the Upper Powers in consequence of the bumptious Pharisaism of the preface. "The Pilgrimage to Waterloo" and "The Tale of Paraguay" are poetically no better though rather more mature than "Joan of Arc;" "Madoc" was admired by good men at its appearance, but frequent attempts, made with the best good will, have not enabled me to place it much higher than these.

"Roderick," the last of the long poems in blank verse, is also, I think, by far the best. The absence of pulse



and throb in the verse, of freshness and inevitableness in the phrase and imagery, is indeed not seldom felt here also; but there is something which redeems it. The author's thorough knowledge of the details and atmosphere of his subject has vivified the details and communicated the atmosphere; the unfamiliarity and the romantic interest of the story are admirably given, and the thing is about as good as a long poem in blank verse which is not of the absolute first class can be.

Of "Thalaba" and "The Curse of Kehama" we must speak differently. The one was completely written, the other sketched and well begun, in that second sojourn at Lisbon which was Southey's golden time:—

When, friends with love and leisure,  
Youth not yet left behind,  
He worked or played at pleasure,  
Found God and Goddess kind;

when his faculties, tolerably matured by study, were still in their first freshness, and when he had not yet settled down, and was not yet at all certain that he should have to settle down, to the dogged collar-work of his middle and later age. I have no hesitation as to which I prefer. The rhymeless Pindarics of "Thalaba," written while Southey was still under the influence of that anti-rhyming heresy which nobody but Milton has ever rendered orthodox by sheer stress of genius, are a great drawback to the piece; there are constant false notes like this of Maimuna, —

Her fine face raised to Heaven,

where the commonplace adjective mars the passionate effect; and though the eleventh and twelfth books, with the journey to Domdaniel and the successful attack on it, deserved to produce the effect which they actually did produce on their own generation, the story as a whole is a little devoid of interest.

All these weak points were strengthened and guarded in "The Curse of Kehama," the greatest thing by far that Southey did, and a thing, as I think, really great, without any com-

paratives and allowances. Scott, always kind and well affected to Southey as he was, appears to me to have been a little unjust to this poem; an injustice which appears between the lines of his review of it, and in those of his reference to it in his biography. It is perfectly true, as he suggests, that Southey was specially prone to the general weakness of insisting on and clinging to his own weakest points. But this foible as it seems to me is less, not more, obvious in "The Curse of Kehama." In the first place the poet has given up the craze for irregular blank verse, and the additional charm of rhyme makes all the difference between this poem and "Thalaba." In the second place the central idea, — the acquisition, through prescribed means allowed by the gods, of a power greater than that of the gods themselves, by even the worst man who cares to go through the course — communicates a kind of antinomy of interest, a conflict of official and poetical justice which is unique, or, if not unique, rare out of Greek tragedy. The defeat of Kehama by his own wilful act in demanding the Amreeta-cup is as unexpected and as artistically effective as the maxim,

Less than Omniscience could not suffice  
To wield Omnipotence,

is philosophically sound. Moreover the characters are interesting, at least to me. And then, to supplement these several attractions, there are, for the wicked men who love "passages," quite delectable things. The author pretended to think the famous and beautiful,

They sin who tell us love can die,  
claptrap; if it be so, would he had sinned a little oftener in the same style. Nobody, except out of mere youthful paradox, can affect to undervalue the Curse itself. It is thoroughly good in scheme and in execution, in gross and in detail; there are no better six-and-twenty lines for their special purpose in all English poetry. But the finest scenes of the poem are ushered in by the description of the famous Sea City which Landor described over again

in the best known of all his stately phrases in verse, and from this to the end there is no break. The scenes in *Padalou* more especially want reading; they are in no need of praise when they have once been read, and a right melancholy thing it is to think how few probably have read them nowadays. "The Curse of Kehama" may not place Southey in the very highest class of poets, if we demand those special qualities in the poet which distinguish certain of the greatest names. But it puts him in the very first rank of the second.

I am aghast when I see how little room is left for the enormous and interesting subject of Southey's prose. As has been said, there is no collected edition of it; and there could be none which should be complete. There are, it is believed, no documents for identifying his earlier contributions to newspapers and magazines; but he wrote nearly a hundred articles in the *Quarterly Review*, many in other reviews, and the historical part (amounting to something like a volume on each occasion) of the Edinburgh "Annual Register" for three years. He translated or revised translations of *Amadis*, *Palmerin*, and the "Chronicle of the Cid." He edited the "Morte d'Arthur," Cowper's poems, divers specimens and selections from English poets, and other things. And of solid independent books in prose he published, besides the three biographies of Nelson, Wesley, and Bunyan, nearly a dozen substantive works, some of them of very great size. At the date of the first, the "Letters from Spain and Portugal" (1797), he had not outgrown (indeed he was only twenty-three) that immature pomposity of style which has been already referred to, and which is apparent both in his verse and in his letters of all this time. The "Letters from England," by Don Manuel Escriella, ten years later in date, are also at least ten years better in matter and form. The scheme, that of enabling Englishmen to see themselves as others see them, was indeed rather old-fashioned, and not of those things which

are none the worse for being a little out of fashion; but it is very pleasantly carried out, and I doubt whether there is anywhere a more agreeable picture of the country and its ways in the first decade of the century. It is surprising that it has not been reprinted. The "Omniana" which was to have been written by Southey and Coleridge together, but to which the latter made only a very small contribution, is less original, being a rather questionable cross between a commonplace book (such as, after Southey's death, was actually issued in four huge volumes) and a "table-talk," or miscellany of short abstracts, summaries, comments, etc., of and on curious passages in books. "The History of Brazil" followed, the chief and, with "The Peninsular War," the only one actually erected of what Southey used fondly to call "my pyramids"—pyramids, alas! not often visited now, though still in existence, and solidly enough built and based. The latter suffered perhaps more than any other of Southey's books from the necessity which their author's poverty imposed on him of constantly laying them aside for the bread-winning work of the hour as it offered itself. This delay gave time for it to be caught up and passed by Napier's history, which, if as prejudiced on the other side, is an incomparably more brilliant and more valuable performance. However, "The Peninsular War" was one of the few works of Southey's which brought him a solid sum of money,—a thousand pounds to wit. Neither "The Book of the Church" nor its appendix, the "Vindiciæ Anglicanæ," had any such satisfactory result, though both had a fair sale, and though both aroused considerable, if mainly angry, attention. In fact Southey seems to have been singularly unlucky in his monetary transactions, for reasons partly indicated by Scott in a passage given by Lockhart. The large comparative profits which Cottle's apparently venturesome purchase of "Joan of Arc" brought to the publisher, together with his own unshaken conviction of the

lasting quality of his work, seems to have made Southey fall in love with, and obstinately cling to, the system of half-profits, which, in the case of not very rapid sales, has a natural tendency to become one of no profits at all. For his naval history, or "Lives of the Admirals," he was paid down, and very fairly paid; but I do not know that he made anything out of "The Doctor," his last and one of his largest works, a quaint miscellany of reading, reflection, and humor, like a magnified "Omniana" with a thread of connection, which is, I believe, little read now, and which never was popular, but which a few tastes (my own included) regard as, for desultory reading, one of the most delightful books in English. Macaulay, who, politics apart, cannot be called an unfair critic of Southey, is unduly hard on his humor; but the temper of Macaulay's mind was always intolerant of nonsense, wherein Southey took a specially English delight.

The characteristics of this wide and neglected campaign of letters, — a whole province of prose, as it may be called, especially when we add the huge body of published letters — present the widest diversity of subject, and cannot fairly be said to suffer from any monotony of style. To some tastes in the present day, indeed, Southey may seem flat. He scornfully repudiated, on more than one occasion, the slightest attempt at decoration, and ostensibly limited his efforts to the production of clear and limpid sentences in the best classical English. Not that he was by any means alarmed at an appearance of neologism now and then. His merely playful coinages in "The Doctor" and the letters do not, of course, count; but precisian as he was, he was not of those precisians who will not have a word, however absolutely justified by analogy and principle, unless there is some definite authority for it. On the contrary, he took the sounder course of actually rejecting words with good authority but bad intrinsic titles. His sentences are of medium length but inclining to the

long rather than the short, and distinctly longer than the pattern which the gradually increasing love of antithetic balance had made popular in the eighteenth century. His most ornate attempts will be found in the descriptive passages of "The Colloquies," a book which, though Macaulay's strictures are partly justified, is of extreme interest and beauty at its best, and is chiefly marred by the curiously unhappy selection of the interlocutor, — an instance, with the plan of "The Vision of Judgment" and some other things, of a gap or weakness in Southey's otherwise excellent sense and taste. But in all his prose writings, no matter what they be, even in those unlucky political "Essays," which he reprinted in two very pretty little volumes at the most unfortunate time and with the least fortunate result, he displays one of the very best prose styles of the century, perhaps the very best of the quiet and regular kind, unless Lockhart's, which is more technically faulty, be ranked with it.

In the case of no writer, however, is it more necessary to look at him as a whole, to take his prose with his verse, his writings with his history and his character, than in the case of Southey. Neither mere bulk nor mere variety can, of course, be taken as a voucher for greatness; a man is no more a good writer because he was a good man than because he was a bad one, which latter qualification seems to be accepted by some; and even learning and industry will not exempt a man from inclusion among the *dulli canes*, as Southey himself has it. But when all these things are found together with the addition of a rare excellence in occasional passages of verse, with the composition of at least one long poem which goes near to, if it does not attain, absolute greatness, with an admirable prose style and a curious blending of good sense and good humor, then most assuredly the mass deserves at least equal rank with excellences higher in partial reach, but far smaller in bulk and range.

In the general judgment, perhaps,

there is a certain reluctance to grant this. There is plausibility in asking not if a man can do many things well, but if he has done one thing supremely; and unquestionably it is dangerous to multiply the tribe of literary Jacks-of-all-trades. There is no fear, however, of an extensive multiplication of Southey's; happy were our state if there were any chance of it. For the man *knew* enormously; he could write admirably; it may be fairly contended that he only missed being a great poet by the constant collar-work which no great poet in the world has ever been able to endure; he had the truest sensibility with the least touch of the maudlin; the noblest sense of duty with not more than a very slight touch of spiritual pride. If he thought a little too well of himself as a poet, he was completely free alike from the morose arrogance of his friend Wordsworth and from the exuberant arrogance of his friend Landor. Only those who have worked through the enormous mass of his verse, his prose, and his letters can fully appreciate his merits; nor is it easy to conceive any scheme of collection that would be possible, or of selection that would do him justice. But if no one of the Muses can claim him as her best beloved and most accomplished son, all ought to accord to him a preference never deserved by any other of their innumerable family. For such a lover and such a practitioner of almost every form of literature, no literature possesses save English, and English is very unlikely ever to possess again.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE TOUCH OF SPRING.

THAT morning everything at Tarpow held a familiar course. Magnus, the foreman, passing through the kitchen, where Julia Hay, Tarpow's daughter, was bent over the porridge-pot, said:—

"The maister's going to market the nicht?" and she answered him with a smile as fresh as the break of day.

Passing through the kitchen and up the stairs to Tarpow's bedroom, Magnus found Tarpow himself wide awake and grumpy. He reported the weather and took his orders; and when he re-entered the kitchen, the salt was being added to the porridge and the maid had gone to the byre. Although you could not have guessed it from his wife, the foreman had an eye for comeliness,—the plainest wife that ever was could not count against a man's taste;—and Magnus's eyes clung to his young mistress's face, and the dainty hand through which the salt was sifted to the pot. Never before had he seen cause for marvel at her beauty; a new spring and bountifulness seemed to have come upon her. Still stirring the porridge, and swinging round upon her heel, she detained him a minute to advise about Creamy, a dowie calf, who, she thought, would be better with a bed by the fire here, and her care, and milk from her own hands. Magnus heard enough to send him to the calves' house with a vague sense—he was too dull-witted to have expressed it—that the good things of earth were to be wasted on a silly calf. Tarpow got into his red-brown, weather-spotted garments, and was down in the kitchen as his daughter poured the porridge and the maid came in with the milk-pails; and at an hour when most of us think of awakening, all the hands at Tarpow had done half a day's good work.

An hour before midday Tarpow returned to dinner. The meal was laid in the dingy parlor, on the side of the lobby opposite the kitchen. The farmer faced the weather at the head of the table; Julia, at the foot, nearer the door, waited upon him. She had waited upon him all her days.

In the middle of his broth he mumbled into his spoon:—

"Broomielaws is coming the nicht." Broomielaws came every other market night. It was not Julia's wish to acknowledge, if she detected it, anything unusual in this visit; and she replied:—

"Yes, father."

Tarpow land was thin,—it girmed a' simmer and grät a' winter, as Leddy Pitlyal said of Gutterstone,—and Tarpow's farmer had grown old and sour in his fight with it. Yet all around his own, the fields grew fat and heavy crops. "Nature," said Tarpow,—he alluded to her in an unmentionable term,— "Nature, the thrawn —, stood on Tarpow and cuist her favors round it." Broomielaws especially had been blessed in the dispensation. Already, in this forward spring, its fields had flushed a gentle green. You could crop them to the very edges. In sowing and reaping and stacking and threshing, Broomielaws was like a great workshop that never ran on short time. But Tarpow—back-lying Tarpow, with its mean land—worked up outside jobs, as it were, harboring other men's sheep, as well as its own cattle eating their heads off. Once there had been enough original virtue left in Tarpow's farmer to be a plummet for the shallow thing that owned Broomielaws. Looking from his steadying upon his neighbor's fields, Hay felt that in a rightly constituted world poor-spirited Broomielaws should have stood in his shoes. That was years ago. Looking out upon his neighbor's fields now,—himself more firmly set in his own shoes,—his only thought was to share their bounty in some measure by making Julia their mistress. Worldly and selfish and little sensitive as he was, however, it stuck in his throat to speak more definitely on that matter. At the same time it irritated him, and had been irritating him for months, that this well-grown and capable daughter of his should not meet him half-ways and make explanations easier. Her mother had courted and wedded him ere she was Julia's age; why was the daughter so backward? Perhaps Julia, with her "Yes, father," and no more, was wiser than he wot of.

She carried out his plate and her own, the one within the other, and returned with a dish of boiled beef and some potatoes with coarse salt still sticking to their jackets.

"Auld tatties?" he said.

"Yes. The east field."

"Ay. Just so. Braw land to the east'ards—at Broomielaws. Broomielaws is coming the nicht."

"Can ye not put him down at the toll-house?" said Julia, with a heat that was new to her, and caused her father's yellow eyes to sparkle up nastily under his brows.

"Can I eat my meat?" he replied, sharpening his speech on hers.

"Then why don't ye do it? What needs he come bothering us?"

"I've told ye how to keep him from Tarpow at nights," he said. "Draw ben your chair at Broomielaws and he'll leave me at the toll-house quick enough. Fegs! He'll be for driving me from St. Brise market past every public. 'Broomielaws is takin' his wife's faither hame sober.' He! he! That's what they'll be saying; and Tarpow'll ha'e to drink his whiskey cauld—without his Jooley."

"I thought ye had known my mind on that score," Julia said, breaking in on his laugh.

"I thought ye had known mine," he threw it back. "Upsettin' baggage. Is it that laddie Leslie that has put notions in your head about being aboon marrying Broomielaws? Where's the speerits? You're very narrow wi' the speerits getting."

"You don't need spirits when you're going to market. Besides, there's none in the house."

"Send Liz to Mrs. Pratt's for some this very day. Would you shame yourself and me afore Broomielaws wi' a toom bottle! Your head's full o' they mincing ways—ever syne that 'tillery ball. You're owre nice for Broomielaws, and owre guid for your ain faither, it would seem."

"Will I tell Aleck to yoke the beast?" said Julia quietly, who generally saved herself in the blast of her father's wrath by bending in it slightly.

"You'll just yoke your tongue, Jooley, till I'm done wi' ye. Woman, ye dinna ken your guid fortune. Here's a big, healthy man, wi' that graund



land at Broomielaws,—graund land, five hunder acre o't,—a thousand pound in the bank, if he has a penny, and as fine a judge o' kye as is on this side o' the Forth; and ye turn up your nose at him! Fie, ye! Gie me my muffler, and tell Aleck to yoke the mare. And, mind ye, show me none o' your perky ways wi' Broomielaws!"

A shade of decision in her father's voice, the reflection of a more fixed intention within him, alarmed Julia, and she stole to the kitchen door to watch him drive off in his gig. She pictured him picking up Broomielaws at the end of his own road, where he had been hanging over the stile waiting,—middle-aged, pronounced, clad in a blue coat of a cut of forty years ago, from which emerged on the upper side a neck encased in a stock that cut his bare red cheeks, and below, long legs in tight breeches. She pictured him without a touch of caricature; saw him mount the gig, sitting high above her father, and the two swaying and bumping over the ups and downs to St. Brise market. She was not nervously observant, but she could see all that; and it showed her to be out of her usual habit that she cast a thought after the pair ere she turned to her afternoon's work.

She turned to it with a sense of unquiet. The spring sunlight flooding the windows, the tender green of the trees beyond, the lazy cattle under them, the breeze skipping in through the porch, and the fragrance and flavors it brought with it,—all these things upturned her. New and indescribable humors welled up within her. An ineffable sadness, derived from all things about her, it seemed, filled her with pleasure and alarm. She went out to look at some linen drying on a hedge. What a day it was! How freshly the air smelled; how blue—like turquoise—lay the sea beyond the dip o' the fields! On the blue there hung a white speck; she knew it—the sail of Leslie's yacht running straight for Torrie Town. It was not of Leslie she was thinking; yet the sail struck a note within her, and note

succeeded note in a strange, plaintive, dissatisfied melody. It expressed foreign feelings that had been gathering for weeks—ever since that Artillery ball of which her father had spoken. She could not have pointed to anything that had happened then, or since, to account for the change in her. Her meeting with Leslie could not. Only, the angle of her vision had become more obtuse; she saw ever so little wider; and that little taught her of immense possibilities. She was aware of no definite wish to see more, to know or to feel more. Tarpow and Broomielaws and Torrie Town had been her world, bounded by an infinity, for measuring which, somehow, St. Brise gave her a line. Now that her world had stretched to take in St. Brise, the infinite beyond was driven farther off and become immensely greater. And this young Leslie, as young as herself, with whom she had danced, who sailed across the Firth to Torrie Town to meet her (he told her so; she thought of it as of a fact only)—he, too, widened her world for her, and, in a dim, inexplicable way, the bounds of the mystery beyond her horizon.

She, herself, would go down to Torrie Town this afternoon on her father's errand. To that decision the thought of Leslie's landing there was one determining consideration only. She wished the walk, more of the air, the fresh breeze from the sea, more movement—anything to soothe this disquiet within her.

The main road past Tarpow leads straight to Torrie harbor. Torrie Town lies on the east side of the basin, and creeps across and up the hill behind it. The harbor is scooped out of the sheer brown rock, which throws back the grey and gold and blue of the Baltic craft, and the black water in it reflects all that color steadily. Mrs. Pratt's inn stands on the pier-head, beyond the saw-mill; so Julia came down by the harbor instead of skirting the hill above and descending by the High Gait. As she stepped on to the pier, the reflection of her in her light

print in the basin startled the quiet of the place. The few eyes in it were turned upon her, and in a minute Leslie was at her side.

"Oh, Teddy," she said, giving him her hand. She spoke as if she had forgotten about him and his yacht; and she had forgotten.

"Here on a Saturday, Julia! What's wrong at Tarpow?"

She touched her basket:—

"Famine."

Leslie was in a chronic excitement at the thought of Julia—a glorious girl like this, whom to see, he had to sail his yacht across the Forth. He was very much in love with the yacht, and he was very much in love with himself. Julia—the mere fact of Julia—ministered to both feelings. Besides, he was very young.

"Was it famine in the land, or drought?" he asked.

There was a glowing anger in her. She was as little sensible as any country girl ought to be of the talk of the neighbors; but here— They had evidently gossiped to Leslie of her father's frailty, as they might of the barrenness of Tarpow's land. Her father fought the barrenness—with failing spirit, it is true; but he fought it. He made no effort against the other. The burden of that lay on Julia's shoulders. Yet she had fought it, as she would have fought nettles in the field corners, or dandelions in the bleaching green,—steadily and impersonally. For the first time, now that Leslie took to hinting at the work, she was ashamed of the need of it.

"I was coming up this afternoon," Leslie went on, without awaiting an answer, and her anger fled. There was something in his boyish ways, his voice, and his looks, that responded to the new emotion of the morning.

"Why! My father's at market." There was not a touch of coquetry in her manner of saying this, for she laughed, as much as to confess, "As if it were he you were coming to see."

And he said, "I know he's away;" and they laughed together.

By this time they had walked round  
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the basin, and stood at the head of the pier, regarding the yacht which lay at the end of it.

"Isn't she a beauty?" Leslie said. "She's a trim little thing. A little heavily sparrowed, maybe—eh?—but I like her lines."

Julia put her head on one side, and with a connoisseur's toss of it, "H'm, yes," she said; and she mocked his voice and words and critical air to a nicety.

For the first time he thought of more than himself and her comeliness, and was amazed at her cleverness. Poor young cub! She was only new to him. She wasn't clever. His own sisters, at the moment golfing on the other side of the Forth, had nimbler wits than she, by far.

"Bravo!" he cried. "Now she deserves her name!"

"What d'ye call her?"

"The Julia."

"Julia?"

"Yes, Julia. Bob Pratt's painting it on her now."

"Then Bob Pratt'll just paint it out again," she said, leading the way down the pier with a decision which Bob's grin, as he looked up at her from his paint-pot, approved. The grin projected the popular opinion on the subject.

Leslie, following her in chagrin, could only say:—

"You must christen her, then."

She had no nimbleness of wits to suggest a name on the instant, but she had nimbleness of manner. There was an old gin-bottle lying on the pier-head, and she stooped to it. Leslie picked it up for her, and, as they rose together, she saw something in his face that changed her intention.

"Oh! very well," she cried, and smashed the bottle on the yacht's bows: "I christen her the Julia."

It was the war of sense and sensibility. Her good sense was derived from the conditions of her life. To-day, now that she was bursting into womanhood, the conditions of her life bred sensibility.

But she would not stay longer. In

no case should she have allowed him to accompany her; she did not care that he should see what was her errand to Mrs. Pratt's. To-day, —to-day all things were altered, their relationship among the rest. That which she saw in Leslie's face may have been the image of her own feeling. For her, at any rate, it changed everything between them; and, had she known it, the reserve and withdrawal it led her to were the most potent steps she could have taken to affect him.

She made her purchase, and soon was out upon the Tarpow road again. The heat was more suffused, the sunshine a shade more golden. The wind from the sea crept up behind her, near the ground. The road was empty. Yonder, on either side of it, Tarpow and Broomielaws lay slumbering under their red-tiled nightcaps. There was a lull in her dissatisfaction —an interlude of re-action, in which Tarpow and even Broomielaws wore a homely air. This grew upon her as she entered the house. Everything was as when she left. The doors stood open, the cattle browsed under the trees, the wind rustled delicately about the porch, and bore in upon her the fragrances of the earth. And to these things, which in the morning had hemmed her in with the tight grip of their familiarity, she turned now with a sense of restfulness.

Her awakened womanliness, from which she was seeking escape, had touched into life in Leslie a new sensation. Bob Pratt dug about its roots and watered it with his gossip of the life old Tarpow led his daughter, and the marriage he sought for her. The new chivalry, love, call it what you will, sprouted like a mushroom, and Leslie was half-way to Tarpow before he could word his purpose.

From the end of the Tarpow road he caught a glimpse of Julia in the yard. The wind wound her print daintily about her lissom figure. She wore no hat above the straight hair wisped into a broad, flat coil. The sunlight swirling within the dish — red without, yellow within — which her arched arm

held to her side, lit up Julia herself in the middle of the rough-and-tumble crowd of poultry she was feeding. Julia among her poultry discovered a country girl with her rusticity rounded with a considerable elegance and knowledge, derived from her father in early days. It was her father's humor, not hers, that had named a flighty old hen "Atalanta," and a combative cock with a very dissonant crow "Anacreon." But the fight with his land had so demoralized him now, that she had as little discernment of his better nature as of his ill condition.

Julia cleaned her fingers, all sticky with the hens' meat, on the side of the basin, and washed them in the overflow of the horse-trough. Next she visited the calves' house, and went to the straw-loft to gather the eggs which the clucking hens announced. She clambered up the straw massed in the back of the barn, and stood among the rafters. From there she looked down to some loose straw heaped on the floor in a soft bed. The memory of earlier days swam to her head.

Man's life's a vapor, full of woes;  
He cuts a caper, and off he goes,

she chanted, and clapped her hands, and jumped down to the soft bed, startling the sitting hens, which clucked and beat their wings among the rafters. She climbed and flopped, and climbed and flopped again, until at length she sank, hot and breathless and laughing at the foot of the heap.

And there Leslie found her.

Her thoughts when he darkened the doorway were not of the wonder of his being there. She forgot that in her concern to account for her flustered condition. Then she did what the old Julia might have been expected to do at once. She told him how delightful it was to flop from the height of the straw, and showed him how it was done, and bade him follow her. And so, for a few minutes again, the barn was full of the sound of scared poultry, and of the rhymes jerked from these two breathless children, and of their smothered ejaculations.

Then the whole thing was spoiled. At any rate, that is how the old Julia would have thought of it; she could never again be the old Julia. For over him, like the cloud-shadows scudding over the fields outside, swept the thought that this was not what he had come there for; and the thought swept on and shadowed her. His words out-ran his purpose. When he talked of love she did not recognize it, so little had she thought of it or dreamed of it. All she knew was, that it was exactly what she had been waiting for—so satisfying to her there in his arms, with his kisses on her hot face. Why should she remain at Tarpow? Why, indeed? Tarpow was a prison; its ways, its very scenes, gripped at her heart now. And Broomielaws; her father would marry her to him—to it rather. Oh, Teddy knew it all. All Torrie Town knew it, and perhaps St. Brise as well,—knew it from Tarpow's own lips, it seemed. At that thought she became conscious of herself, of her physical self, inch by inch, the body which she robed and could touch, as well as of this intangible thing within her that was quick to-day for the first time. This—all this—was to be sold by her father. He talked of the sale. Was he worth her care more? Was he worth the sacrifice of life? of love? For she saw them both now, or thought she saw them,—love and sacrifice.

It was Teddie's plan. The yacht lay at Torrie pier. They dared not sail from there; but he could moor the yacht in the bay to the eastwards, at the caves, and row Julia out to her from the jetty; and she should go with him, for always. He had no one in the world save her. There were his sisters, to be sure; but they would welcome her in the old house, on the other side of the Firth, where she might look over to the smoke of Torrie Town, but never again beat her wings against the bars, as at Tarpow. Julia might have known—at any other time would have known—how idle it all was. But to-day her whole being swam to the vision. She would await her father's return. With him would

come Broomielaws—red, vast, middle-aged, brutal. She had never thought of him so before, and she shut her eyes, and her mind's eye, on the horrid sight, and opened them upon the future Teddy painted. She would await their return, and Broomielaws' departure. By eleven o'clock the house would be quiet; then she would steal down to the jetty at the caves. She would be there, if she were coming at all, half an hour after midnight.

It was the old story; love is an instinct as well as a passion; and it was the instinct of love only that was working in these two. Leslie became wiser with every step he took from Tarpow. He was not a very far-seeing hobbledoy; but there are some things come up very close to the eyes, and an elopement with Julia was one of them.

"Here's a devil of a mess!" he was saying to himself at the main road turn; and by the time he got to Torrie pier the affair had become one of many devils. He had no thoughts of drawing back, however, but got on board, and stood up for the bay at the caves very bravely, and lay there, tossed about between his admiration for Julia and wrath for himself.

With Julia it was different. Her mood, such as it was, had come with a draught of spring which every atom of her body absorbed till it became newly constituted. The appetite of the woman, newly unchained by consciousness now, would haveupleapt had not pressing duties kept it under. Julia had many things to attend to. Leslie's leave-taking had been hastened by the return of the ploughmen, which was irregular in this off-season of the year. The bothy-boys were hungry, and she had to make porridge to appease them, and the cows had to be milked. The return of her father with Broomielaws found her finishing her work calmly enough; but when she lifted her busy hand from off her agitation, it fluttered within her.

Tarpow took the beatings of it for the fulfilment of his instructions. The maid, he thought, had put off her perky ways, and was clothed in assent. He

was seated as straight as an old man could be, close up to the table, brewing toddy for himself and for Broomielaws, who lolled in the armchair with his long legs bent stiffly in front of him—like a locust's, or a spinning-jenny's, thought Julia, as she set a bit of supper. Tarpow watched her out of the corner of his eyes. She had a large graciousness always that was something akin to grace; but to-night her bountifulness had a sparkle in it. Her womanliness was in the bud. Tarpow had angled for Broomielaws artfully and persistently with the artificial lure of Julia's domestic virtues, and had found him a lumpish biter at best. That night Julia was a natural bait at which he came with a rush. That he was a very ill-conditioned, unseasonable fish mattered little to Tarpow, chuckling over the sport. The quarry was not a son-in-law, but a son-in-law's land; and Julia assenting was not a daughter angling for a husband, but a daughter in conspiracy with himself for five hundred acres.

Tarpow's sly grimaces and Broomielaws' ardor defeated their ends by spurring Julia in her resolve. On the other hand, her resolve was like to defeat itself, for its *verve* drew on Broomielaws until the man was breathless in his pursuit. When at length he rose to go, and her father went to the door with him,—both unsteady in their gait,—she accompanied them. To both men the act seemed unusually gracious; they were not to know that it was to see how the night fared that she went. Broomielaws' way lay across the fields,—Tarpow's and his own,—and her father walked with him to the edge of the yard. From there they watched the girl in the doorway who was looking out upon the night. The spring air still lingered; but, above, the wind was high, and the moon drove across the sky through clouds. She felt Broomielaws' eyes upon her. She burned a kiss upon her palm, and flung it towards the caves. She could not know that she should have flung the kiss to herself.

When her father re-entered the

house, she would have sent him to bed immediately, but he set himself on his chair again.

"Sit down, Julia. Sit down, girl," he said.

The formality, and what he would have called the "Anglified" turn of his speech, registered the degrees of his insobriety.

"Julia," he said, "you're like your mother to-night."

A pompous exposition of the affair of Broomielaws and herself was exactly the thing for a drunken man to take up and enjoy. Besides, domestic sentiment is suited to one stage of intoxication. When he said, "You're like your mother, Julia," this whiskey sentiment was in his eyes and voice; and Julia's condition made her peculiarly sensitive to any sentiment, even of the limelights.

"Father," she said, crossing to him and sitting on the floor at his feet, "do you really think I'm in love with Broomielaws?"

"You are well off having Broomielaws in love with you," he caught her up, with a laugh. "What is love?"

How easy it would be to answer that question! thought Julia.

"I've buffeted the war! this six-and-sixty years," he went on, "and I'll tell you what love is. What's everything? Just a yoke we yoke oursel's wi'. We saddle oursel's wi' duty. We put the bit o' morality 'tween our own teeth. Love?—just a pair o' blinkers, Jooley. Ah! we can keek round the corner, fine. We gang straight in front o's—aince we've set our een in the proper airt—and mak'-believe we see nothing else. You've got your een set on Broomielaws—I saw it the nicht,—sensible lass the nicht, Jooley,—like your mother. Noo, jist put on the blinkers, and say, 'Broomielaws the inevitable! Mari'ge made in heaven.' My inevitable son-in-law—Broomielaws!"

Her mood was such that her father's speech amused as much as it pained. She said, half to herself, "I have got the blinkers on," and turned her eyes straight to the corner of the house that



faced the bay at the caves. That was in the direction of Broomielaws also, and the old man grinned.

"There's more nor a man there, Jooley. There's fields, fat fields, but they maun be husbanded. I'll husband them. And you, Jooley, you'll husband love—it maun be husbanded too. Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but if ye dinna manure. Broomielaws! Mrs. Broomielaws! Young Broomielawses!—all inside the blinkers."

He hiccoughed, and wept, and staggered to his feet; and the coming of her opportunity drove out the anger that was in her.

The clocks were on the stroke of midnight ere Julia was clear of the house. She had said that she would be at the caves by half past twelve at the latest; that gave her half an hour only to cover the ground, and she took to the fields. She gave herself no time to consider that Leslie would wait on her, that he would be on the way to meet her. Leslie himself was less in her mind than the fact that she had an arrangement to meet him, to be taken away from Tarpow. Her way was Broomielaws' short cut home, across Tarpow's fields and his own; only, a park's breadth from Broomielaws she must make a point or two to the south, and descend upon the caves. The moon was behind a cloud, and her only guide beyond her instinct for the way was the light of the May. The going was rough; but she labored on, until a sharp jerk in a ditch-drain at the edge of her own land brought her up against a paling to draw a clear breath. As she leaned on it for a moment, the moon shook itself free of the clouds. Everything was still, except that the hum of the sea was louder here than westwards at Tarpow. A plough lay at the corner of her field, almost at her feet, and on the instant of wondering how she should have escaped tripping on it, her eye caught a heap beside it. It was not to be mistaken; and the humorous thought, that took the edge off her disgust was that Broomielaws' tightly breeched legs were specially

hideous when he was in drink. She had started running again, when a something in the heap caused her to return and look a little closer. The collar cutting the neck and cheeks was redder than the cheeks and neck themselves. Accustomed as she was to accidents and wounds, she saw in an instant that he had fallen into the danger she had missed, and had struck his head upon the coulter; and at the same moment she had found the wound and was assuaging it.

To her skilled eye the seriousness of Broomielaws' condition gaped like his wound, and all her purpose of that night ran out of her. But it left in her a solicitude for the man in her arms, which would have been impossible had she not harbored the false sentiment that she threw off as soon as an appeal to her practical self set it in its true light. At the same time, it did not cause her to forget the stark facts of her condition. She could not leave him thus to search for help; yet, whether she brought help or attracted it, how could she account for her presence there at that time of night? That made action easier, for the only alternative was to return to Tarpow,—she never gave going on to the caves a thought now,—and keep silence concerning Broomielaws. If that course crossed her mind, it did not linger. Keeping her handkerchief tight to the wound, she ransacked the man's pockets until she found matches. The hidden moon favored her plan, and the lights, as she struck them, flared brightly against the darkness. It was a random shot to aid her shouts for help. On market night some wandering ploughmen might be hieing home from Torrie Town across the fields. Twice as the moon glinted through the rack, she thought she saw a figure between her and the coast, the second time nearer her and close to the hedge-row that ran from her side.

By and by a singularly sweet piping smote her ear. It came delicately through the night in the strains of a Jacobite air, becoming louder and louder, until a rustling down the hedge-

side told her that the piper was near. A shyness came upon her like a shiver, and she drew her cloak close up to her eyes, as if that might hide her. Before she could make out the gaunt, wizened old man, with coal-black face and hands, she knew whom to expect.

"Rab Cuick!"

"Mistress Hay!"

Her alert nature threw off its shyness. She motioned him to kneel at the other side of her from Broomielaws, discovering the wound meanwhile.

"It's Broomielaws' tatties you're after, Rab," she said sternly.

"I'm lying o' nights at the pithead fire," he grumbled; "but I'm hungry, and not so supple as I used to be, and Broomielaws' tatties —"

He was fumbling with an excuse, and with a chamois-leather case for his flute, as black as his hands. She felt in her pocket. Two half-crowns lay in it,—her only dowry to Leslie,—and she held them up between Rab's eyes and the moon.

"Go to Broomielaws," she said. "Send one of the bothy-boys to Torrie Town for the doctor, and then rouse the others and bring them on here. You found him here, Rab; and you'll carry him to Tarpow, and waken me up. You understand?"

Rab's face was as stolid as the paling-stab when he held out his hand for the half-crowns.

"When you bring—this—to Tarpow," she said, slipping the coins into her pocket again.

Rab Cuick had been gone some twenty minutes, when the faint sound of voices from Broomielaws came to Julia's ear. As the sound drew near, she could make out that Rab was bellowing unnecessary directions. A break in the clouds discovered him and his following making straight for her; and drawing her cloak round her, she slipped through the hedge, and ran for Tarpow.

When she let herself in everything was quiet. She raked together the red cinders in the fireplace, and set the kettle on them. She looked into the

cupboard and made certain that there was brandy there. Her father was snoring up-stairs as she stole to her room and ransacked her work-basket and presses for linen for bandages. When she stole down-stairs again, and listened at the door, there was a sound of voices in the yard.

From the noise he made, it was evident that Rab Cuick thought that Tarpow household slept deep. When Julia opened the door, Broomielaws' foreman was very terse in describing what had happened, and led the way to the spare bedroom with his load; but Rab, who followed, was loudly apologetic about wakening up Julia at such an untimely hour. He followed the ploughman down again, after a short interview with Julia in the bend of the staircase.

"There's a receipt, Miss Jooley," he had said, as he pocketed the half-crowns; and handed her her own handkerchief, smeared with blood and coal-dust.

It was very honorable of Rab, of course; but Julia got hot with chagrin at the act.

Broomielaws was laid upon the bed until the arrival of the doctor. When he came, Julia left him and stepped across the passage into her father's room. Once or twice she was called to minister to the wants of the case, but she did not linger. At length she heard Tarpow and the doctor descend, and by and by her father came up to her.

"You can put them off," he grinned.

"What? Put what off?" she asked.

"The blinkers," he said, with a snap.

That meant death, and her woman's tears came instinctively; yet a smile, half amused, half scornful, fought with them for a place in her eyes and on her face. To hide their conflict, she turned to the window and pulled aside the blind. The moon lay on the bay, and on the waters beyond it, and with almost spiteful emphasis lit up a little speck of white sail well over to the other side. Evidently Leslie had not

lingered at their tryst a minute behind the hour.

At the stab to her pride that the discovery gave, the blind dropped from her hand. The next instant she had plucked it aside, as if to scourge her mature sense with the sight of her raw humors. "So that is the end of that," she thought, as she watched the white sail mount to the opposite shore. She would never marry Broomielaws; that had been settled for her. Whether she ever could have married him was beyond consideration now; yet it seemed to her that it was as likely she should have married him as that she should marry this laddie, who was even now landing on the other side of the Forth. She was a girl when the boy came to her that morning, with the first touch of spring, the harbinger of her womanhood. The boy had sailed away from a woman, years older than himself in knowledge, and ripe in the consciousness of what the world held in store for her. No; she would never marry Teddy.

And, indeed, he did not ask her again.

D. STORRAR MELDRUM.

From Nature.

#### THE NILE.<sup>1</sup>

I AM to speak to you to-night of the Nile, and I think I may fairly say it is the most famous river in all the world; famous through all the ages, for the civilization that has existed on its banks; famous for its mystic, fabulous rise, about which so many sages and philosophers have pondered; famous for its length, traversing one-fifth the distance from pole to pole; famous, and apparently destined to be famous, for the political combinations that ever centre around it. But I feel I must begin by an apology, for now that Egypt has come so completely within the tourist's range, probably many of my hearers have seen more of the Nile than I have.

<sup>1</sup> A lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, on January 25, by Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff.

If a foreigner were to lecture to his countrymen about the river Thames, and were to begin by informing them that he had never been above Greenwich, he might be looked upon as an impostor; and perhaps I am not much better, for I have never been higher up the river than Philæ, six hundred and ten miles above Cairo. For information regarding anything higher up, I must go, like you, to the works of Speke, Baker, Stanley, and our other great explorers. I shall not, then, detain you to-night with any elaborate account of this upper portion of the river, but will only remind you briefly of that great inland sea, the Victoria Nyanza, in extent only a little less than the American Lake Superior, traversed by the equator, and fed by many rivers, some of them taking their rise as far as 5° S. lat. These rivers form the true source of the Nile, the mystery only solved in the present generation.

The outlet of this great lake is on its north shore, where the river rushes over the Ripon Falls, estimated by Speke at only four hundred or five hundred feet wide, and with a drop of twelve feet. Thence the river's course is in a north-west direction for two hundred and seventy miles, to where it thunders over the Murchison Falls, a cliff of one hundred and twenty feet high. Soon after that it joins the northern end of Baker's Lake, the Albert Nyanza, but only to leave it again, and to pursue its course through a great marshy land for more than six hundred miles, to where the Bahr GAZELLE joins it from the west; a little further down the great Saubat tributary comes in on the east. This is the region in which the river is obstructed by islands of floating vegetation, which, if checked in their course, at last block up its whole width, and form solid obstructions known as *sadd*s, substantial enough to be used as bridges, and obstacles, of course, to navigation, until they are cleared away. The waters of the Saubat are of very light color, and tinge the whole river, which, above its junction, is green and unwholesome,

from the long chain of marshes which it traverses. Hence it is called the White Nile. Six hundred miles further brings us to Khartoum, where the Blue Nile from the Abyssinian mountains joins it, and at two hundred miles still further to the north it is joined by the Atbara River, also from Abyssinia, a torrent rather than a river.

Baker gives a graphic account of how he was encamped by the dry bed of the Atbara on June 22, 1861. The heat was intense, the country was parched with drought. During the night the cry went forth that the floods were coming, and in the morning he found himself on the banks of a river, he says, five hundred yards wide and from fifteen to twenty feet deep. All nature had sprung into life. A little north of the junction of the Atbara is Berber, whence you will remember is the short cut to Suakin in the Red Sea, which so many thought would have been the true route for our army to take in relieving Gordon. From Khartoum to Assouan is a distance of eleven hundred miles of river, during which it makes two immense curves, for on a straight line the distance is not half so much, and it is in this part of its course that it passes over the six great cataracts or rapids which block all ordinary navigation. The first or furthest north cataract is just above Assouan, a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles from the Mediterranean, through the country known as Egypt. From the junction of the Atbara to its mouth in the Mediterranean, a distance of six hundred and eighty miles, the Nile receives no tributary. On the contrary, during every mile of its course its waters are diminished by evaporation, by absorption, and by irrigation. The river gets less and less as it flows through this rainless land, and its maximum volume is to be found during the floods at the junction of the Atbara, and at other seasons at Khartoum, eighteen hundred and seventy-five miles from the Mediterranean.

The whole distance by river from the Victoria Nyanza to the sea is about thirty-five hundred miles. It may not

be easy to derive any clear impression from this bare recital of mileage. Let me try to convey to you in some other ways the idea of the length of the Nile. Standing on the bridge at Cairo, I used to reflect that I was just about half-way between the source of the Nile and the White Sea. Or to put it another way: if we could suppose a river crossing our English Channel, and that the Thames should find its outlet in the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf, that river would be about as long as the Nile.

In this short sketch of the course of the Nile, I must not forget to mention one interesting feature. About forty miles south of Cairo, the low Libyan chain of hills which bounds the Nile valley on the west is broken by a gap, through which the waters of the river can flow, and beyond this gap lies a saucer-shaped depression called the Fayûm, of about four hundred square miles in area, sloping down to a lake of considerable size, the surface of whose waters stands about one hundred and thirty feet below that of the sea. This lake is known as the Birket el Kurûn.

From the time of the earliest Egyptian records, this province of the Fayûm was famed for its fertility, and to the Egyptian taste for its delightful climate. Many of the most precious monuments of antiquity have been found in the Fayûm. The famous Labyrinth is supposed to have stood just at its entrance; and what has excited most interest for the engineer in all times, it is here that Herodotus places that wonderful Lake Mœris, which receiving for half the year the surplus supply of the Nile, rendered it back again in irrigation to Lower Egypt during the other half. Where this lake actually was, has excited discussion since any attention has been paid to ancient Egyptian history. It seems pretty clear that in earlier days the Birket el Kurûn was of much greater proportions than it is now, but how it ever could have been large enough to allow of its waters flowing back into the Nile valley when the river was low, without at the same

time drowning the whole Fayûm, is not very clear.

Now, what are the functions of a great river, what are the offices which it renders to man? And first of all, at least in this latitude, we would mention the carrying off to the ocean of the surplus water that descends from the skies. Nobly does the Nile fulfil this duty; but with this enormous qualification, that it transports the water from tracts where there is too much, and carries it all free of cost, not to waste it in the sea, but to bestow it on tracts, where it is of priceless value, more than taking the place of rain in watering the fields.

The next function of a river is to form a highway through the land, and for most of its course the Nile fulfils this duty well too. Gordon considered it possible for steamers to ascend the Nile during the floods from its mouth to the Fola rapids, a distance of about three thousand and forty miles; but at other seasons, the six cataracts cannot be passed. Leaving out the eleven hundred miles which they occupy, there is an unbroken seven hundred and fifty miles in the lower, and nearly twelve hundred miles in the upper river. I cannot look on it as probable that it will ever pay to make navigable canals and locks round these cataracts, as it would entail so much hard rock-cutting.

Another function of a river is to promote industry by the employment of its water-power. We know how valuable is this power even in England, and how much more in countries like Switzerland, where it abounds, and on the great rivers of America. Excepting a few very rude wooden wheels in the Fayûm, I do not know, through all the annals of the past, of a single water-wheel ever turned by the power of the Nile. But that power exists to an almost unlimited extent. And may we not prophesy that some day in the future, when that long stretch of Nubian cataracts has fallen into civilized hands, and when we know how to transmit electric energy with economy, that then our descendants will draw wealth

to Egypt from its chain of barren cataracts?

As a drainage outlet to a continent, as a long highway, as a source of power, the Nile is great; but not so much so as many other rivers. Its unique position is due to the benefit it confers on Egypt in turning it from being a desert into being the richest of agricultural lands, supporting with ease a population of about six hundred to the square mile. Herodotus truly said Egypt is the gift of the Nile. It more than supplies the absence of rain, and this it does, first, by the extraordinary regularity with which it rises and falls; and secondly, by the fertilizing matter which the waters carry in suspension, and bestow upon the land. Imagine what it would be to the English farmer if he knew exactly when it would rain and when it would be sunshine. When the Irrigation Department of Egypt is properly administered, the Egyptian farmer possesses this certainty, and he has this further advantage—that it is not merely water that is poured over his lands, but, during nearly half the year, water charged with the finest manure.

According to the early legend, the rise of the Nile is due to the tears shed by Isis over the tomb of Osiris, and the texts on the Pyramids allude to the night every year on which these tears drop fall. The worship of Isis and Osiris has long passed away, but to this day every native of Egypt knows the *Lailat en Nuktah*, the night in which a miraculous drop falls into the river, and causes it to rise. It is the night of June 17. Herodotus makes no allusion to this legend of Osiris. In his time, he says, the Greeks gave three reasons for the river's rise. He believed in none of them, but considered, as the most ridiculous of all, that which ascribed the floods to the melting of snows, as if there could possibly be snows in such a hot region. It was many centuries after Herodotus's time when the snowy mountains of central Africa were discovered.

The heavy rains commence in the basin of the White Nile during April,



and first slowly drive down upon Egypt the green, stagnant waters of that marshy region. These appear at Cairo about June 15. About a fortnight later the real flood begins, for the rains have set in in Abyssinia by May 15, and the Blue Nile brings down from the mountains its supply of the richest muddy water. It is something of the color and nearly of the consistency of chocolate, and the rise is very rapid, as much sometimes as three feet per diem, for the Atbara torrent having saturated its great sandy bed, is now in full flood also. The maximum flood is reached at Assouan about September 1, and it would reach Cairo some four days later, were it not that during August and September the water is being diverted on to the land, and the whole Nile valley becomes a great lake. For this reason the maximum arrives at Cairo about the beginning of October. The rains cease in Abyssinia about the middle of September, and the floods of the Blue Nile and Atbara rapidly decrease; but in the mean time the great lakes and marshes are replenished in the upper regions, and slowly give off their supplies, on which the river subsists, until the following June. Yearly this phenomenon presents itself in Egypt, and with the most marvellous regularity. A late rise is not more than about three weeks later than an early rise. In average years the height of the flood at Assouan is about twenty-five and one-half feet above the minimum supply. If it rises twenty-nine feet above this minimum, it means peril to the whole of Egypt, and the irrigation engineer has a hard time of it for two months. If the river only rises twenty feet above the minimum, it means that whole tracts of the valley will never be submerged. Such a poor flood has happened only once in modern times, in 1877, and the result was more serious than the devastation caused by the most violent excess.

The mean flood discharge at Cairo is about two hundred and eighty thousand cubic feet per second, the maximum about four hundred thousand. The mean lowest Nile is about four-

teen thousand cubic feet per second at Cairo, but some years there is not more than ten thousand cubic feet per second passing Cairo in June, and within three months after this may have increased forty-fold.

Until this century, the irrigation of Egypt only employed the flood waters of the river, and it was this that made it the granary of the world. No doubt, rude machines for raising Nile water were used at all seasons and from all times. But by these it was not possible to irrigate on a large scale, and in reality they were only employed for irrigating vegetables or gardens, or other small patches of land. It must not be thought that the water of the flooded river is ever allowed to flow where it lists over the lands. The general slope of the valley on each side is away from the river, a feature which the Nile shares with all Deltaic streams. Along each edge of the river, and following its course, is an earthen embankment, high enough not to be topped by the highest flood. In Upper Egypt, the valley of which seldom exceeds six miles in width, a series of embankments have been thrown up, abutting on their inner ends against those along the river's edge, and on their outer ends on the ascending sides of the valley. The whole country is thus divided into a series of oblongs, surrounded by embankments on three sides, and by the slope of the desert hills on the fourth. In Lower Egypt, where in ancient days there were several branches of the river, this system was somewhat modified, but was in principle the same. These oblong areas vary in extent from sixty thousand to three thousand or four thousand acres, and the slope being away from the river, it is easy to cut short, deep canals in the banks, which fill as the flood rises, and carry the precious mud-charged water into these great flats, or, as they are termed, basins of irrigation. There the water remains for a month or more, some three or four feet deep, depositing its mud, and then at the end of the flood it may either be run off direct into the reced-

ing river, or, more usually, passed off through sluices from one basin to another, and ultimately back into the river. In November the waters have passed off, and wherever a man and a pair of bullocks can walk over the mud, and scratch its surface with a wooden plough, or even the branch of a tree, wheat or barley is sown, and so saturated is the soil that the grain sprouts and ripens in April or May without a drop of rain or any fresh irrigation. And a fine crop is reaped. One of our great brewers told me the other day, that when barley grown in this country was spread in the malting-house, about three per cent. of it must be counted on as not sprouting and being dead. If grain two or three years old was used, as much as twenty per cent. would be found dead. With Egyptian barley, he said, even after several years, you could count on every grain germinating. The crop once reaped, the fields remain dry, and crack in the fierce summer heat until next flood comes on.

The tourist who only comes to Egypt to shun "winter and foul weather," knows nothing of the majestic glories of the Nile flood. The ancient Nilometer at the south end of the island of Roda, just above Cairo, is one of the most interesting sights of the place. The water enters from the river by a culvert into a well about eighteen feet square, with a graduated stone pillar in the centre. On each side of the well is a recess about six feet wide and three feet deep, surmounted by a pointed arch, over which is carved in relief a Kufic inscription, and a similar inscription is carried all round the well, consisting of verses of the Koran. A staircase goes down the well, from the steps of which the initiated may read the height of the water on the pillar; but they are few in number, and the hereditary sheikh of the Nilometer, whose duty it is to keep the record, is a person of some importance. The Nilometer dates from A.D. 861, and I believe in the archives of Cairo may be found the daily record for one thousand years.

I need hardly tell you that when our English engineers took the river in hand, we established a number of gauges at Wadi Halfa, Assouan, Cairo, and many other points, on more scientific principles than the venerable Nilometer of the Roda Island.

After the river has begun to rise, its height is daily chanted through the Cairo streets until it reaches sixteen cubits on the gauge. At this point the Khalig el Masri, the old canal that flows through the heart of Cairo, is opened—up to this point it is dry, and full or empty it is little more than a sanitary abomination at present; but in former days it occupied an important place, and when the Nile water was high enough to flow down its bed, it was looked on that the flood had fairly set in, and that the kindly fruits of the earth might be duly expected.

The head of this canal is on the right bank of the river, just south of Cairo. The water enters a channel some thirty feet wide, with a high wall on its left, and a sloping bank on its right or southern flank. The water then flows under the pointed arch of an old stone bridge. The bed of the canal is cleared so that it would flow in at a gauge of about fourteen and one-half cubits, but an earthen bank is thrown across it about four feet higher.

There is no more interesting ceremony in Egypt than the annual cutting of the Khalig, as the opening ceremony is called. It takes place between August 5 and 15. Days before preparations are being made for the festival. Tents with innumerable lamps are placed along the wall on the one side. Frames for all manner of fireworks are erected on the sand-bank on the other side. All the notables are there in full uniform, or in canonicals. The khedive himself, or his representative, the Sheikh ul Islam (the highest dignitary of the Muhammedan faith), the Sheikh el Bekri, the Sheikh es Sadât, all the learned scribes of the great university of the Azhâr, the cabinet ministers and under-secretaries, the sirdar of the army and his staff, the judges and the financiers.

The Egyptian troops are turned out, salutes are fired, and about eight o'clock in the warm summer night the classes all assemble under the gaily lighted tents; the masses crowd round the frames for the fireworks, the street is lined with harem carriages full of closely veiled figures, though it is not much that they can see from their broughams. Out in the river, just opposite the canal's mouth, is moored an old hulk of a certain sea-going outline, which has been towed up from Boulak during the day, and is an emblem of the time when the great republic of Venice sent an envoy to witness the ceremony. This boat is full of lamps, and fireworks too. As the night deepens the excitement increases. The populace on the bridge and the opposite bank are shouting, yelling, and dancing wildly round the fireworks. On the other side are the gay uniforms and lighted tents, from whence we can look over the wall down on the dark water, where you see brown figures plunging in and waist-deep digging with their hoes at the embankment that blocks the canal's mouth.

Long before midnight the fireworks have gone out, and left the splendid stars to themselves; the grandees have all gone to bed, but the people keep up the revelry, and in the morning, by 7.30, every one has come back. Then but little of bank is left uncut; a few more strokes of the big hoes will do it, and the brown skins and the brown water reflect the bright sunlight from above. Then the Sheikh ul Islam solemnly thanks the Almighty, Allah the All-powerful, the All-merciful. He implores his blessing on the flood, and at a signal the bank is cut, the waters rush in, and with them a crowd of swimmers. A bag of silver piastres is scattered among them, and the ceremony is at an end.

There is a pretty legend, worth telling, of the cutting of the Khalig. Amr, the Muhammedan general, took Cairo in A.D. 640. Long before then there had been a heathen ceremony, and a virgin was yearly sacrificed to

the god of the river. When the season came round, Amr was called upon as usual to sacrifice the girl. He sternly refused. That year the Nile flood was a failure. You can fancy how the indignant heathen population must have raged at the invader, and said, "We warned you what would happen if you didn't propitiate the river god." Cannot we fancy, also, how Amr's wild Arab soldiers must have had their faith sorely tried, and how they must have felt puzzled as to whether in this strange new country, with all those demon-built temples and pyramids, obelisks, and sphinxes, it might not be as well to make friends of the local gods. Could Allah really help them here? Again the Nile flood came round. This time surely Amr would sacrifice the girl, and save the land. No; he would not. The people rose in rebellion. Amr stood firm. But he wrote to the Kalif Omar for orders (Omar, whose name you will remember has come down in history as the destroyer of the Alexandrian library). Omar approved of his conduct, but sent him a paper to throw into the Nile. On the paper was written, "From Abd Allah Omar, Prince of the Faithful, to the Nile of Egypt. If thou flow of thine own accord, flow not; but if it be Allah, the one the mighty, who causeth thee to flow, then we implore him to make thee flow." Amr threw the paper into the water, and the Nile rose forthwith exactly as it was wanted. Since that day no girl has been sacrificed; but a pillar of earth is yearly left to be washed away in the middle of the canal, called the bride or the girl.

Such, as I have briefly described it, was the irrigation of Egypt until this century, when it fell under the rule of Muhammed Ali, a very sagacious and strong if a very unscrupulous ruler. He saw that the country could produce far more valuable crops than cereals. The European market could be supplied with these from the fields of Europe, but Europe could not produce cotton and sugarcane. Egypt had the climate, had the soil, had the teeming population; but these crops required

water at all seasons; nor would it do to flood the fields to any depth, for just at the flood season the cotton crop is ripening. There was plenty of water in the river; but how was it to be got on to the land? Perennial irrigation was a fresh departure. As I have said, the Nile rises about twenty-five and one-half feet. A canal then running twelve feet deep in flood has its bed thirteen and one-half feet above the surface of the Low Nile. Either the Nile water had to be raised, or the beds of the canals had to be lowered, in order that one should flow into the other, and after that the water had to be raised from the canal on to the land. Muhammed Ali began by lowering the canal beds of Lower Egypt, an enormous work considering the great number of the canals; and as they had been laid out on no scientific principles, but merely to suit the fancies of Turkish pashas or village sheikhs, and as those who had to excavate them to this great depth had only the slightest knowledge of levelling, the inevitable result followed — the deep channel became full of mud during the flood, and all the excavation had to be done over again. Incredible as it may seem, this great work was done year after year. It was a great serf population; if they were not fighting Muhammed Ali's battles in Arabia and Syria, they might as well be digging out the canals. No one thought of paying or feeding the workmen. The bastinado was freely applied if they attempted to run away. If they died under the labor there were plenty more to come. But of course the work was badly done. The water might enter the canal; but as the bed was not truly levelled, it did not follow that it would flow far. Then, as the river daily fell, the water in the canals fell too, and lessened in volume as the heat increased, and more was required. At last — in June, perhaps — the canal was dry, and the cotton crop that had been sown and watered, weeded and nurtured, since March, was lost altogether.

Then some one advised Muhammed Ali to throw a dam across the river,

and so raise the water, and the result was the great Barrage.

About twelve miles north of Cairo the Nile bifurcates, and finds its way to the sea, by the Rosetta and Damietta branches. Across the heads of these two branches were built two stone bridges, one of seventy-one, the other of sixty-one arches, each five metres or 16·4 feet span. These arches were intended to be fitted with gates; by lowering which, all the water would be dammed up, and diverted into three great trunk canals, taken out of the river just above these bridges. One to the right or east of the Damietta branch was to supply water to all the provinces of the eastern delta, one between the two bridges was to supply the splendidly fertile central delta, the third to the left or west of the Rosetta branch was to water all the western delta down to Alexandria.

There was no intention of water storage at the Barrage, but it was merely with the object of controlling the supply. While there was water enough in the river, by closing the gates it could be kept to a uniform level, and sent down the three trunk canals, from which it was to branch, into many minor ones. As the river went down, gate after gate would be closed, and so a constant supply could be kept in the canals. The idea was thoroughly sound. The execution was feeble.

Mougel Bey, the French engineer in charge of the work, had no doubt many difficulties to contend with. The work went fitfully on for many years, thousands of men being forced to it one year, and carried off to a campaign the next. But at last it was sufficiently finished to allow of an opening ceremonial in 1861. Gates had been fitted into the Rosetta branch arches, never into the Damietta.

The central canal had been dug in tolerably satisfactory style. The western canal, too, had been dug, but passing through a strip of desert it had become very much filled up with sand. The eastern canal was dug some five miles, and then stopped. Of course

the Barrage without these canals was useless. However, they began to experiment with it, closing the gates on the Rosetta side. It was intended to hold up four and a half metres, or fourteen feet nine inches of water. It never held up five feet, till in 1867, it cracked across from top to bottom, on the western side. An immense cofferdam was built round the cracked portion, and the water was never held up again more than about three and a half feet, while the work was looked on as a deplorable failure. In 1883, all hope of making anything out of the Barrage was abandoned, and the government was on the point of concluding a contract with a company to supply Lower Egypt with irrigation by means of an immense system of steam pumps, to cost £700,000 to begin with, and £250,000 a year afterwards.

That year there was a wretched serf army of eighty-five thousand men working at canal clearances for one hundred and sixty days, unfed, unpaid. The burden was nearly intolerable. The irrigation was all by fits and starts. There was no drainage; every hollow became sour and water-logged. With waterways everywhere, there was no navigation. In Upper Egypt things were better, as the system was a simpler one. But when we came to look into them too, we found great abuse, and on an average about forty thousand acres never succeeded in obtaining water, though in the midst of abundance.

The Fayûm had long been a much-neglected province, though a most picturesque and attractive one. From carelessly allowing Nile water to flow into the lake during the floods, it had risen enough to swamp ten thousand acres of valuable land, and this mischief we found still increasing.

Throughout the whole country drainage had been absolutely neglected. And here I would point out that irrigation without drainage means the sure deterioration of the land sooner or later. Considerable pains had been taken in Egypt to get the water on to the land. No sort of effort had been

made to get it off. In a properly irrigated tract, between every two canals of supply, there should flow a drainage channel; the former should follow as far as possible the highest lands, the latter should follow the lowest. The canal gets smaller, till at last it is exhausted, giving itself out in innumerable branches. The drain, like a river, gets larger as it proceeds, being constantly joined by branches. But if there be no drains, and if the canals are laid out to flow into one another, so as to divide the country into, as it were, a cluster of islands, you can understand how the drainage water has no means of flowing off into the sea, and settles in unwholesome swamps. These we found prevailing to an alarming extent in the rich provinces of the delta. Such was the wretched state of Egyptian agriculture — the one single source of the country's wealth — when Lord Dufferin laid down the lines of the English administration, which have been amplified and pursued ever since.

It was in May, 1883, that I took charge of the Irrigation Department in Egypt, having before then had some twenty years' experience of similar work in India; and I soon had the inestimable advantage of being joined by a band of the most indefatigable, energetic and able engineers, also from India, with whom it was my great privilege and happiness to be associated for the next nine years. I cannot talk too highly of these my colleagues — men who knew their work and did it, who kept constantly moving about in the provinces, badly lodged, badly fed, denied domestic comforts, constantly absent from their wives and families (they were all married men).

My friends, happy is the reformer who finds things so bad that he cannot make a movement without making an improvement. Happy the reformer who has as colleagues a staff of thoroughly loyal, duty-doing and capable men. Happy the reformer who is not pestered on all sides by the officious advice of the ignorant. Happy the reformer who has behind him a strong, brave chief, as honest and truthful as



he is strong. Such rare happiness fell to me in Egypt with my noble colleagues, and with Lord Cromer as our chief.

It is not my intention to enter into any details to-night of what our work was in Egypt. I have lately spoken about that elsewhere, and there would be no time to do so now. I must just describe it generally.

On first arrival, I was pressed, both by English and Frenchmen, to go into the question of the storage of the flood waters of the river on a large scale. I declined to do so, considering it would be time enough to think of increasing the quantity of water at our disposal when we had profitably used all that we already had, and while mighty volumes were daily flowing out to the sea, it could not be said that we were doing that. The first great work to be studied was the Barrage. We were warned on all sides to have nothing to say to it, as it was thoroughly unsound; but we felt sure we must either make it sound or build an entirely new one, and we resolved on the former. The work had failed because it was faulty in design, the floorings and foundations not being sufficiently massive, and faulty in execution from the dishonest use of bad materials and from bad workmanship. The bed of the river consists of nothing more stable than sand, and alluvial mud for at least two hundred feet deep. It was out of the question to think of getting down to solid rock. It was not, as we thought, very safe to excavate very deeply close to the existing works, so we decided not to try it, but merely to strengthen and consolidate the foundations, built as they were on sand. I have said that the work consisted of two great bridges over the two branches of the river. We could not shut up either branch entirely; but we decided to strengthen and complete one-half of each bridge each season, which meant four seasons' work. While the river was still in considerable flood each November, we began to throw out great embankments of earth about two hundred feet

from the bridge; one up-stream, the other down-stream of it, beginning at the shore end, and ultimately enclosing one-half of the river as in a pond. This used to take three months' hard work. Then we pumped the water out of this enclosure, and laid bare the very bed of the river. Then we laid a massive stone flooring, five and a half feet thick, extending one hundred feet up-stream, and as much down-stream, of the bridge. This was very difficult and hard work. It was kept going day and night, without intermission, from March till the end of June. Then we cut great holes in our embankments, cleared out our machinery, and prepared for the arrival of the flood at the beginning of July. Each year one-half of one bridge was finished, and the whole was completed at the end of June, 1890.

In connection with the Barrage were completed the three great canals to carry off all the river supply from above it. So that practically now the Low Nile is emptied every season at the Barrage and diverted into these canals, and no water at all escapes to the sea. The natives wade everywhere across the river north of this point. Since it was completed the Barrage has given no trouble. It holds up every year four metres, or thirteen feet of water. The three trunk canals were all supplied with locks one hundred and sixty feet by twenty-eight feet, and adapted for navigation. The whole of these works cost about £800,000. The annual increase of the cotton crop, compared to what it was before 1884, is never less than two and a half millions sterling, which has not been a bad investment for Egypt.

Turning to Upper Egypt, my colleague, Colonel Ross, directed his attention very closely to the adjustment of canals overlapping one another, passing under and passing over one another; so that in future I trust that with the feeblest Nile flood it will be possible to pour water over every acre of the land.

The question of drainage was very thoroughly taken up. Twelve years

ago it may be said that there were no drainage channels in Egypt. Two years ago there were about one thousand miles of such channels, some with beds as wide as sixty feet and flowing deep enough to carry cargo boats, others with beds only three or four feet wide. I am glad to say by these means large tracts in Lower Egypt which had been abandoned as totally ruined have now been restored to cultivation. The level of the lake in the Fayûm was reduced by thirteen feet between 1885 and 1893, and most of the inundated lands around it have been again dried.

I have already mentioned the cruel hardship of the *corvée*, the serf army of eighty-five thousand men who were employed in the canal clearances from January to July, nearly half the year. I believe this institution was as old as the Pharaohs, and it was not easy to abolish it. But of course it went sorely against our British grain. Little by little we got money to enable us to pay our labor. By an annual outlay of £400,000 this spring *corvée* has entirely ceased since 1889, and now the Egyptian laborer carries out these clearances in as free a manner as his brother in Middlesex, and gets paid for his work.

Having thus, to the best of our powers, utilized the water in the river flowing past us, we turned our attention to the storage of the surplus waters. Without some such storage it is impossible to increase the cultivation during the Low Nile. All the water is used up. During High Nile there is always a great volume escaping useless to the sea.

There are two ways in which the water may be stored: either by throwing a dam right across the river and forming a great lake above it, or, if such a place can be found, by diverting the flood water into some suitable hollow, and drawing it off from there at the season of low supply, as done by Herodotus's celebrated Lake Mœris. At one time there was a hope that such a storage basin might be found. An American gentleman, named Mr. Cope-

Whitehouse, in search of the real Mœris, found a very remarkable saucer-shaped depression just south of the Fayûm. We knew it could not have been Mœris, because in its bed we found no traces of a deposit of Nilotic mud, but it might be possible all the same to utilize it. The place was very carefully surveyed, and the project was estimated; but it was found that the cost of conveying the water into this basin would be so great that it was out of the question.

Attention was then turned to the possible sites where a stone dam might be built right across the river. The southern boundary of Egypt just now is near Wady Halfa, the second cataract. It is no use going to look for sites south of this, for the country is in the hands of the Mahdi and his fierce, dervish soldiers. North of this point, unquestionably the best site, perhaps the only possible site is where the Nile valley is traversed by a broad dyke of hard Syenite granite, in passing over which the river forms its first cataract just south of Assouan. It is here divided into several channels between rocky islands, and no channel is deep, so that it would be easy to divert the water from one after another, to lay bare the bed of the river, and lay the foundations of the dam in the open air. It wants no engineer to understand what an advantage this is.

And the great dam, such as was designed by Mr. Willcocks, would have been a work worthy of the land of the Pyramids and Karnak—a great wall of squared granite blocks—eighty-two feet thick at base, of a maximum height of one hundred and fifteen feet, a mile and a quarter long, pierced by sluices large enough to allow of the whole Nile at highest flood rushing through. The lake formed would have been one hundred and twenty miles long. Would this not have been a work of some majesty to commemorate forever the English rule in Egypt—a work one would have been proud to have had a hand in? But it was not to be. The Egyptian saw no objection to it. The money could have been

found. But there was an insuperable obstacle created when, on the Island of Philæ, about 250 B.C., Ptolemy II. built a temple to Isis, on the site of older buildings long disappeared. Round this temple other buildings clustered, built by Greeks and Romans. Those of you who have not seen them, are probably familiar from pictures with the group of venerable buildings standing amidst palm-trees on the rocky island, and reflected in the waters below.

Had Ptolemy only built his temple on the island of Elephantine, a few miles north, it would have been unaffected by the great dam, but Philæ is just to the south, or up-stream side of where the great dam must necessarily have come, and in consequence the island, with its temples, would be drowned for about six months every year. You probably remember the outburst of rage and indignation which the announcement of this proposed desecration created in London last summer. It was not to be tolerated that England should commit such vandalism. In vain it was answered that the place belonged to Egypt, not to England—that the Egyptian, who was to gain so much by the dam, cared absolutely nothing about Ptolemy and his temples—that he was prepared to pay a large price for a great work to benefit his country. What business was it of England to forbid him?

And it was not only the English who were indignant. For once, and only for once, I fear, since we occupied Egypt in 1882, was educated opinion in England and France at one. Both alike insisted that Philæ should not be drowned. Nor must I admit had all the engineers that were interested in the question the full courage of their opinions. While they longed to build the dam, and lamented the perverse fate that had put Philæ there, still they wished to spare Philæ—and their voice has prevailed. The majestic structure has been cut down twenty-seven feet, and now will only be eighty-eight feet high, and Philæ will stand henceforth in a lake, but will never be drowned.

Personally I accept the situation, for I never believed that it would be sacrificed. But yet as an engineer I must sigh over the lost opportunity for England of making such a splendid reservoir. And as a friend to Egypt, I sigh still more that the country will not have such a splendid supply of water as would enable Upper Egypt to have the full benefits now possessed by Lower Egypt, and Lower Egypt to expand and flourish.

The reduced scheme will, however, be a great boon to the country, and I trust will now be put in hand without delay.

In 1884, when the expedition up the Nile was first being considered, I was asked by the general officer commanding in Egypt, whether I thought there was any possibility of the Mahdi diverting the river in the Soudan, and depriving Egypt of its water. The late Sir Samuel Baker was in Cairo at the time, and I consulted him as to whether he knew of any place in the Nile valley where during highest flood the water spills off to the right or left, towards the Red Sea or the Libyan Desert. He said he was sure there was no such place, and I then told the general it would be impossible for the Mahdi to divert the Nile. I was sure that with his savages he would never dam up the low supply until its surface attained the height of flood supply, and if even then during flood there was no spill channel, Egypt was safe enough.

But what the Mahdi could not do, a civilized people could do. A government official has no business to talk politics, and the Royal Institution is no place for politics; but I may be allowed to point out an evident enough fact, that the civilized possessor of the Upper Nile valley holds Egypt in his grasp.

At this moment the Italians are on the eastern edge of that valley—a nation, I must say, who have been consistently most friendly to us in Egypt. Supposing that they occupied Khartoum, the first thing they would naturally and very properly do would be to spread the waters of the Low Nile over

the Soudan; and no nation in Europe understands irrigation so well. And what then would become of Egypt's cotton crops? They could only be secured by a series of the most costly dams over the river, and the fate of Philæ would surely be sealed. But more than this: a civilized nation on the Upper Nile would surely build regulating sluices across the outlet of the Victoria Nyanza, and control that great sea as Manchester controls Thirlemere. This would probably be an easy operation. Once done, the Nile supply would be in their hands; and if poor little Egypt had the bad luck to be at war with this people on the upper waters, they might flood them, or cut off their water supply at their pleasure.

Is it not evident, then, that the Nile from the Victoria Nyanza to the Mediterranean should be under one rule? That time is perhaps far off. I conclude what I have to say to-night, by giving you the assurance, and I challenge contradiction, that at no time in the long history of Egypt under Pharaoh or Ptolemy, Roman or Arab or Turk, have the people of the country been so prosperous, or so justly ruled as during the last nine years.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
THE CRISIS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

It is rarely that a British colony, having once achieved responsible government, contemplates a return to the conditions of a crown colony. Yet, from the latest information to hand, it would appear that such a return is within the range of practical politics in Newfoundland. The first step would be the appointment of a Royal Commission in the island to inquire into the existing and most deplorable state of affairs, and although the government is naturally averse to this, local opinion, now thoroughly on the alert, is largely in favor of it. For some time past the colonists have been face to face with a most serious commercial crisis. The revenue for January is only thirty thousand dollars, being only

one-sixth of the amount received in the corresponding month last year, and a large deficit is feared at the end of the quarter. The secretary of the Colonial and Continental Church Society reports that "every one is depressed beyond description. There is no labor for the poor because there is no money to pay for it. We are organizing relief parties to provide for the prevailing distress." A correspondent also states that the hungry and half-clad crowds are in a miserable condition, and what they need most is warm clothing for the biting month of March. The missionaries themselves are in an evil plight; as one of them pleads earnestly for an overcoat for himself, and clothes for his children. In a climate where the thermometer is often below zero in the winter, such tales of hardship must elicit our warmest sympathy.

Great as were the calamities and privations that followed the great Mauritian hurricane of April 29, 1892, they were, nevertheless, more endurable than those of Newfoundland, for the horrors of famine and starvation are largely mitigated in a warm and tropical climate. The appeal to the charity of our philanthropists is great, and it is to be hoped that it will meet with a ready response. It is not long ago that a most destructive fire (July, 1892) destroyed a large portion of St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland, and the centre of government. But now the colonists are faced with the more permanent and terrible evils of bankruptcy.

It is well known that the prosperity of Newfoundland has always depended upon the successful prosecution of one industry, viz., the fishing industry. Newfoundland cod is considered superior to that caught off the coasts of Scotland, Norway, Iceland, and the Faroes. It is the task of the Newfoundland fishermen to provide fish for Roman Catholic Europeans, for Brazilians, and for the colonists of the West Indies, and the trade has fallen chiefly into the hands of a few capitalists.

The immediate cause of the present financial disasters is accounted for in some quarters by the action of the trustees of the estate of a London merchant who carried on a large business in Newfoundland. It was his custom to maintain the fish exporters by accepting their drafts, but now the trustees of his property have refused to do this, and so the panic began, communicating itself with lightning rapidity to all classes. There are only two banks, "The Union" and "The Commercial," having in circulation banknotes to the value of one million four hundred thousand dollars, but not sufficient in the way of specie to redeem them. On December 10 last they closed their doors, and a general panic set in. It is clear that a colony that is so easily upset cannot boast of a very stable equilibrium. The system of banking as it prevails in our colonies is not exactly that which finds favor with banking institutions in England, and perhaps it can hardly be expected that it should be similar. Land mortgages are a favorite kind of investment in the colonies, and in many instances colonial banks have ample security and a fair margin if only time be given for realizing. But, in a panic of a few days, the best calculations may be upset and bankers forced to close their doors.

In colonies where there are many strings to the colonist's bow, and many sources of agricultural and mineral wealth, it is evident that recovery, either complete or partial, is merely a question of time. A certain number of speculative bubbles are pricked and unsound securities exposed, and there is a general clearing of the financial atmosphere, not without some salutary effects. But in a colony of one industry only, and this a somewhat precarious one, as in Newfoundland, the difficulties of banking must be exceptionally embarrassing. For where, indeed, are the investments which promise ample security and quick realization?

It is not the first time that Newfoundland has found herself in pecu-

niary straits, and Lord Grey, in his review of the colonial policy of Lord John Russell's administration, describes the pauperizing effect of gifts made by this country to Newfoundland in 1846-1847 in relief of losses by fire, hurricanes, and the potatoe failure. At one time no less than one-fifth of the public revenue was absorbed in the necessary calls of charity and of poor relief. There have been few wealthy residents and very little taxable property in the island to fall back upon in times of an acute crisis. Generally speaking, the merchants who have made money out of the fishing industry have been non-resident monopolists living in London or Bristol. In addition to the natural uncertainty of the harvest of the sea, the colonists of Newfoundland have frequently been compelled to face complications arising from a foreign policy over which they have exercised no control. Indeed, from this cause no British colony has experienced greater vicissitudes.

Just one hundred years ago the Newfoundland merchants were setting forth before a committee of the House of Commons in 1793, the decline of the fisheries, but no sooner were their complaints uttered than a season of unexampled prosperity set in which lasted from 1793 to the peace of 1814. During this period our colonists, relieved from French and American competition, pursued their trade unchallenged and untrammelled along the whole seaboard, and princely fortunes were amassed in a few years by people who entered the trade without any capital. Some well-known houses netted £20,000, £30,000 and even £60,000 per annum, but of this enormous profit scarcely a single penny was invested in the island of Newfoundland. The merchants and speculators withdrew, and the peace with France and America caused a complete revulsion of trade. A crisis arose and the large population that was attracted to the island in prosperous times were exposed to bankruptcy and ruin. Again there was a cry for help to the imperial government, and through the solic-



itations of the merchants, a select committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the state of the trade of Newfoundland and into the situation of that settlement. The merchants could only suggest one of two alternatives, a bounty on the fisheries to enable the British to compete on equal terms with the French and Americans, or the transportation wholesale of the population elsewhere.

From the report it would appear that there was little promise of agricultural development, and no mention is made of possible mineral resources at that date. The distress of Newfoundland is of a periodic if not of a chronic order, and, in spite of recent efforts of Newfoundland politicians to improve the position of their country, the inevitable crash has come. Candid critics affirm that for the past ten years there has been an annual deficit; that the civil service is extravagant, and there has been a somewhat premature ambition to construct a railway of five hundred miles, which will inflict a burden of fourteen million dollars upon a population of two hundred thousand.

In addition to their troubles, the Newfoundlanders have a special grievance in the "French Shore Right," which is none the less irritating because it has been going on for nearly two hundred years. Along seven hundred miles of the deeply indented Newfoundland coasts, from Cape St. John to Cape Ray, the French claim a right of landing for the purpose of curing and drying their fish. In a discussion on Inter-British Trade and its Influence on the Unity of the Empire, before a meeting of the fellows of the Royal Colonial Institution (1890-91), Sir William Whiteway, the present premier and attorney-general of the new government, made some pertinent observations. The French Shore Rights interfere practically with colonial development. The only access to the best mineral regions is on the western coast, and here the French bar the way. No capitalist, he remarked, will invest money under the present irritating conditions of opening up a new

industry. The country, therefore, is likely to remain "a wilderness forever," because the French have a right to fish upon the coast, and object to the slightest interference. He put the situation forcibly when he remarked, "The sovereignty of the island of Newfoundland is in the queen; but if this be the construction of the treaties far better is it to possess a right of fishing four or five months in the year than to be sovereign of the soil. On the one hand we are crushed by the French bounties, and on the other the aggressions of the French on the western shore prevent us from developing one-half the island. I will mention one or two examples. A gentleman has a tract of land in which there are seams of coal, and he was forming a company to work it; but the moment the discovery was made that the coal deposit could only be reached from the treaty coast, and that the grants would be clothed with the conditions to which I have referred, then those who were allowed to form the company declined to do so, and the land remains a waste. Again, a gentleman on the coast discovered a valuable lead-mine, and sank a shaft within about three hundred yards of the coast. No Frenchman had ever fished within the neighborhood, but a remonstrance was made by the French government that the working of this mine might in some way affect the French fishery, and the working was discontinued. A factory for the canning of lobsters was erected by an Englishman on the coast. The factory was ordered to be taken down, and he had no redress; yet, soon after, he had the mortification of witnessing a French factory erected under the instructions of a British officer, and in the very locality from which his own property had been removed."

Apropos of the lobster trade, a curious natural history point was raised as to whether a lobster was a "fish" or not, and an appeal was made to the scientific knowledge of Sir William Flower, who certainly excluded lobsters from the class of fish according to the modern naturalists' definition, although,

at the same time, he owned that, at the time of the treaties, natural history definitions were not so clear in the minds of the signatories. Around the whole question of Newfoundland there hang, it would seem, a large number both of small and great uncertainties.

The late Judge Pinsent, a Newfoundland colonist, has added his testimony, and records in a paper read before the fellows of the Royal Colonial Institute in 1884, that the French exercise practically exclusive right of fishery along the treaty shore. This not only circumscribes the fishing area of the colonist, but it "practically closes to agricultural settlement and mining enterprise a region which possesses great capabilities." In no other colony is there such an *imperium in imperio* as this. British colonists are actually debarred from their own shores, and the French have construed a mere favor into a positive right; and the worst of it is, that no diplomacy as yet has ever succeeded in allaying the irritation felt on both sides. At the time of the Treaty of Utrecht, Great Britain had the power to dictate her own terms absolutely, but, as events have turned out, certain ill-conceived reservations, pregnant with mischief, were made in favor of France. Unfortunately, neither the Treaty of Versailles, in 1783, nor the Treaty of 1814 mended matters much, and the clause in the latter treaty, which confirmed fishing privileges to France, was declared by Mr. Pitt to be "most dangerous to the maritime strength and future power of Great Britain." The worst of it is that the Newfoundland question is never argued by our neighbors exclusively upon its own merits. French diplomatists seem to import from Egypt, from West Africa, and wherever English colonial interests touch those of France, a kind of acrimony which carries them beyond the spirit and letter of former agreements. To our naval officers, the task of putting in force hardly defined regulations against our own colonists is most irksome and disagreeable.

Historically, Newfoundland, as "En-

gland's oldest colony," has a most picturesque and interesting past. It was discovered by Cabot and an English crew, in June, 1497, and, in 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, under commission from Queen Elizabeth, landed and took formal possession of the island. Here it was that Lord Baltimore (Sir George Calvert) embarked, in 1624, upon his romantic enterprise at Ferryland, in the peninsula of Avalon, offering his home as an asylum to Charles I.; here it was that visions of colonization presented themselves, in the early days of British colonization, to Lord Bacon, and a number of noblemen and gentlemen. Lord Bacon declared that the fisheries of Newfoundland were richer than the mines of Peru, and it is certainly true, that a gold mine may soon exhaust itself, but the capacity of the codfish for reproduction is infinite. That our "oldest colony" should now be banned and stigmatized as bankrupt and impecunious is an evil stroke of fate.

There are two alternatives before the Newfoundland colonists, one of them being absorption into the Dominion of Canada, the other a return to the condition of a crown colony. In the end the colonists will have to choose for themselves which alternative to adopt. Numerically they would be but a small addition to the Dominion, being two hundred thousand all told, and it is by no means certain that the central government at Ottawa would welcome them, in their present plight, as poor and distressed neighbors. It is a far cry from St. John's to Ottawa, and the provinces of the Dominion are sufficiently scattered already for the central government to administer, and the guarantees the Canadian government will have to offer must be of a substantial kind. The business that Newfoundland does is mainly with countries outside the Dominion, with Europe, South America, and the West Indies, and it is doubtful whether incorporation with the Dominion would end in giving an impetus to their solitary industry. They may find little in common with the province of Quebec, and

be strangers, commercially speaking, in the lake provinces, where the colonists are their own fishermen. On the other hand, it is said that a very large section of the colonists are in favor of the conditions of a crown colony. There is much to be said in favor of this alternative. Credit would be restored to the colony, and schemes of development in the river valleys and in the interior assume a tangible form. The late Judge Pinsent has set before us the possibilities of Newfoundland, in other places than the Hinterland of the French shore, in a paper read before the fellows of the Royal Colonial Institute, in 1884-5.

In Newfoundland, he then observed, there has not been the marvellous progress which has attended the great Australasian colonies, which teem with various and boundless wealth; nor "do I compare her as a centre of population with some of the richer fields of settlement which their superior soil offers to the Canadian immigrant; but this I do say of Newfoundland, that, with her incomparable fisheries she combines a soil which nearly everywhere in the island can be made a valuable auxiliary to them for the support of the people, and in other parts may be made more than self-supporting and independent of the fisheries. Then, as a mineral-bearing country, the rich metalliferous character of the island, as attested by the common consent of scientific men, only requires to be developed to place the colony in the very foremost rank of British possessions abroad; then at the heads of the great bays, in the tracts surrounding the great lakes, in the valleys of many of the rivers, there are reported to be contained nearly three million acres adapted for settlement and cultivation, and that there are large areas of fine timber land. The deposit of gypsum is enormous, and building-slate, granite, limestone, and marble abound."

To the tourist and sportsman, and especially the fisherman, Newfoundland holds forth in the summer and autumn a great number of attractions.

Comparatively little is known of the interior, which abounds in rivers and "ponds," as they are locally called, and lakes. Apparently there is no very lofty mountain range to explore, but it is somewhat a reflection upon our enterprising geographers, whose name is legion, that they have so completely passed Newfoundland over. The adjoining coasts of Labrador, a dependency of Newfoundland, peopled in the summer chiefly with a migratory fishing population, are more or less unexplored by the knights-errant of geography, although they are probably fairly well known in their general features by the Moravian missionaries, who have been long settled at certain well known centres. But we might fairly ask for a closer examination of these regions, where we have good reason for believing that John Cabot made his first landfall, and won the honor of discovering the American continent for an English vessel and crew.

In the case of Newfoundland, as in the case of all our colonies, the question of trade principles forces itself upon our notice. In the discussion above alluded to, on Inter-British Trade and its Influence on the Unity of the Empire, the Hon. A. W. Harvey, member of the new government, without a portfolio, contributed some remarks which have a bearing upon the alternative presented to Newfoundland of linking her destinies with Canada. Clearly, if Mr. Harvey represents any considerable section of public opinion in the island, the alternative cannot be very popular. He said, "One of the great differences which separates me from Canada at the present time is that, as a Newfoundlander, I am the strongest of freetraders. Under the circumstances of our island, our policy is to be entirely for free trade. Canada, with her immense territory, diversities of climates and soil, her immense mineral and fishing resources, is almost self-supplying with all necessities and luxuries of life. Her best market for all her produce would be within her own doors, and consequently she de-

sires greatly a larger population, and therefore her natural policy is strongly protective. Newfoundland, on the other hand, produces little that she consumes, and must export nearly all she produces. Naturally, then, her necessities are for a free-trade policy. A policy, then, which at the present time suits Canada's needs would be disastrous to Newfoundland, and as Canada cannot, and ought not, to subordinate the welfare of the many of her population to the few of the people of Newfoundland, we must, in case of union, be the sufferers by a policy which would be for the benefit of the whole Dominion." It is rarely so candid an avowal comes from England's colonies in favor of her ruling trade principles, and federationists may be excused if they indulge in the thought and wish that perhaps from "England's oldest colony" the beginnings of federation may come, and come, as may seem most desirable to some political economists, from the adoption of a similar trade policy. For the rest, there is no lack of loyalty and of the imperial sentiment in the island, in spite of niggard treatment in times past. There must be substantial agreement on defence questions in a settlement that is so imbued with naval traditions and the maritime spirit, and feels that England's arm is the strongest that the colony, as an island, can rest upon.

From another point of view it is instructive to contrast the apathy of England in these waters with the feverish zeal of the French. St. Pierre and Miquelon and the "French shore" are simply insignificant remnants of that vast transatlantic empire once the dream of Colbert and Richelieu. But it is a foothold out of which something may be made, and the fishing industry in itself provides a capital school in which seamanship may be learned anew by every generation of the French mercantile marine. From Dunkirk to St. Jean de Luz there is scarcely a hamlet which has not sent forth the prime of its youth to court danger on

the shores of Newfoundland, and if a hardy class of seamen are thus produced, State bounties are not spent in vain. In all our naval wars the Breton privateers have been our most formidable antagonists. We possess in Newfoundland a seafaring population no whit inferior to the best material that goes to man the French war-ships; there is a fleet of eighteen hundred vessels in Newfoundland, giving occupation to thirty thousand able-bodied seamen, and if ever a transatlantic wing of our imperial navy were formed, no better headquarters could be discovered than St. John's, which is only sixteen hundred and forty miles direct steaming from the coast of Ireland, and on the line of telegraphic communication.

Strategically there is no place on the face of the globe that boasts such a commanding position as Newfoundland, lying, as it does, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and holding the gateway to Canada and the West; and there is no place in the whole of our colonial dominions where we could less afford to lose influence and power. But we might lay the greatest stress first and foremost upon the opportunities we possess in gaining there a few recruits for our navy. England has ships and money, but she is by no means rich in able-bodied seamen. Our mercantile marine has frequently to fall back upon Scandinavians and foreigners for recruits, and the mercantile marine should be a nursery of seamen. It will be an evil day for England if she finds that she is unable to man fully her ships, which are her first, if not her only, line of defence. The germ of a colonial navy has appeared in Australian waters; but neither around the coasts of the great island-continent in the south, nor in New Zealand, nor at the Cape, is there such material as in the hardy brood of seamen who plough the waters of Newfoundland, the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and of Baffin's Bay. Under the circumstances of a crown colony the most may be made of our opportunities.

WILLIAM GRESWELL.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
THE BUILDER OF THE ROUND TOWERS.  
A CHRONICLE OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY.

*Beatissimus Episcopus Fechinus, Sanctus Hiberniæ*, forever and ever blessed and honored! I, who am but a poor monk, very unlearned and unskilled in writing, dare scarce for shame inscribe his name. For the report of his deeds and of his miracles, and the fame of his great glory, and of his courage and wisdom and sanctity, have gone abroad into all lands, and not in Erin alone, but wheresoever the saints of God are spoken of. Nevertheless must I endeavor to do what I can, unworthy though I be, seeing that the task has been laid upon me as a duty of obedience, therefore may I not shrink from it.

Now, touching that first thought and conception with regard to the island which he eventually inhabited, and which is still called by his name, that first thought and conception has been related in diverse manners, but this is the manner in which I have received it, therefore if I tell it wrongly, or if in the telling I make any error, or omit anything that I ought to tell, I pray that it may be forgiven me, and imputed to my ignorance, rather than to any malice or desire to deceive.

One thing at least is certain and beyond dispute — namely, that the monastery of Cluain-Duach in Corca Bascinn,<sup>1</sup> where the saint grew up and received his training, stands close to the edge of the Western Ocean, in the region which men now call Thomond. And that Western Ocean, and portion of that Western Ocean, is known to be the fiercest and most robustious in the entire world. For the waves of the sea beat eternally against the rocks along its edge, the water rising up whitely, even to the top of the same, so that in winter time, or in the great gales of autumn, no man can approach the shore without his soul failing him, both for the rage of the elements themselves, and still more for thinking upon those evil powers and influences, whose

fury is seen in that watery fury, and their hellish hate and turbulence in the beating of the sea against the rocks, and the gnashing and twisting of their lost and evil souls in the gnashing and twisting of the froth, which is flung high up to the very tops of the cliffs, so that even good and pious men — monks and bishops who dwell in these parts — are oftentimes afraid to approach the shore, fearing to encounter the like hellish influences, which influences, doubtless for some good purpose, are permitted to endure for a season.

Now in the midst of this fury of the ocean there are found along that part of the shore of Erin a great store of islands, which are called of the people *illauns*, *skerries*, or *carrigeens*, according to their size. And against these *illauns*, *skerries*, and *carrigeens* the waves attain to a yet greater violence than elsewhere, they being of such a small size, and having the sea upon every side of them. And several of them bear a very evil and deadly reputation, such as the one called Inis Gloire, upon which no woman, nor yet creature of the sex of woman, dare land but she will immediately die, or yet again another upon the which whoso toucheth it, or even toucheth aught that hath grown on it, his flesh and his skin withereth, and the hairs of his head drop off. But of all those islands in the Western Ocean the one which at that time bore the worst and the deadliest reputation was a small and very steep *illaun* lying a little way from off the land, which was known as the Wicked *illaun*, and by no other name, being so called by reason of the curse which St. Enda of Aran had laid upon it. For St. Enda having sent certain of his monks from the three holy islands to visit St. Senan in his monastery at Inis Cathargh,<sup>2</sup> on the way back they were caught in a great storm, and the waves rising higher and higher — Satan himself doubtless assisting from beneath — their curraghs were cast ashore and dashed to pieces

<sup>1</sup> South Clare.

<sup>2</sup> Iniscattery.



against the *illaun*, the sides of which were too steep for them to climb. Therefore St. Enda cursed it, and cursed it did remain, so that no fishing boat durst so much as pass near it, and it was said that even to rest the eyes upon it could scarce be done save at great risk both to the body and to the soul.

This being known to all men, not to be gainsaid, it remaineth but to see in what manner that great and solemn curse was lifted off again. Now the first intimation that such a miracle would come to pass befell in this wise. It chanced upon a certain tide that the old abbot of Cluain-Duach, whose name was Garbhain, with Ferdornach the sacristan, and others of the younger monks, went down together to the shore seeking for sloke-weeds to boil. And having gathered together a good store of it, also of shellfish, both the smaller and the larger kinds, they paused for a while upon the shore, close to the point which is now called Foolagh.

It chanced that day the sun was shining very brightly, and it shone not only upon the sea and upon the nearer rocks, but upon all that country of Corca Bascinn, and beyond it again to the mountains of Connemara-Mara<sup>1</sup> which rise over the New Sea. Then the abbot turned himself round, and, seeing him do so, the monks also turned themselves round with one accord, and they all looked south. And lo! there too the sun shone brightly, even to the uttermost bounds of the ocean. Also towards Ciarraige Luacra<sup>2</sup> the sun shone, making it all appear fair and seemly. Only upon one spot it shone not, and that spot was no other than the wicked *illaun*, the edge of which rose up steep and black against the water, its shadow also lying out behind it, as it were a stain of ink upon the sea.

Then the sacristan Ferdornach, looking quickly away from it, crossed himself, and said to the monks that stood nearest to him that it was easy

to see that the island was indeed accursed, for that it was the one spot in all that coast upon which the sun never shone, neither in winter nor yet in summer, and that for his part he had little doubt that it was at that time and continually inhabited by raging and turbulent devils.

Hearing him speak so, St. Fechin (who was at that time only a plain monk, and the youngest, moreover, of the entire company) lifted up his eyes, and looked long and steadily at the Wicked *illaun*, as if to challenge it. Then, being filled with the Spirit of God and with great boldness, he spoke out suddenly before them all, saying that for his part he was not afraid of any devils, howsoever turbulent, and that he would as lief go there as anywhere else, and that he was certain, moreover, that St. Enda would never permit devils to destroy any man who was doing no harm, and that a monk who durst not go to any place, whether it were cursed or whether it were not cursed, was not fit, in his opinion, to be a monk at all.

But the abbot, hearing him speak so, rebuked him for his presumption, and for opening his lips without license, he being the youngest of them all, and they not discerning the spirit that spoke through his lips. Also the sacristan Ferdornach, who was a choleric man, smote him suddenly over the mouth, which chastisement Fechin accepted silently, uttering no word of complaint. Nevertheless that which he had spoken he kept in his mind, he being never one wont to take up aught lightly, nor yet to relinquish it again when once it had found an entrance into his mind.

With that the abbot once more turned himself about, and the monks did so likewise with one accord, and they all fared back together to the monastery. But it was often afterwards observed that whensoever he was not at work Fechin would stand upon the seashore, and look away towards the Wicked *illaun*, as if some thought worked in his heart concerning it, and from that day and that hour he

<sup>1</sup> Connemara.

<sup>2</sup> Kerry.

seemed to all men to increase in stature, and in strength, and in wisdom, and in all things that pertain unto knowledge. For he grew exceedingly, both in his outward man and in the strength of his hands, and yet more in the inner things of the mind and of the soul. For the Spirit of God worked in him, so that his fame increased daily, and was spread over the whole south of Erin. For he grew to be knowledgeable in all the arts, and became captain and head monk, the first in the monastery for the fashioning of the vessels of the church, and of everything that is wrought in iron, or in silver, or in gold. And great fame came to the monastery because of him, and because of the number of his works which he wrought, which was greater than the number wrought by any other single monk ever before or since in Erin. For the number of the iron bells that he beat and hammered out with his own hands was one hundred and thirty-seven, and of silver croziers twelve, and of the larger chalices fourteen, and of the lesser ones sixty-two, so that it became clear to all men that he must have had aid from on high, else had he never accomplished the half or the quarter of all that he did accomplish and did achieve.

One score and seven years St. Fechin spent in this manner, working continually in the monastery, but at the end of that time, having been consecrated a bishop, he remained no longer wholly in it as heretofore, but travelled about to and fro over all Corca Bascinn and Ciarraige Luacra, not having any fixed residence, but going backwards and forwards, wheresoever he was called and wanted, according to the manner and the pattern of the ancient bishops of Erin.

Nevertheless, he held himself still in a measure to belong to his own monastery, and oftentimes they would hear his voice calling to them while he was still a long way off upon the seashore, for his voice was the most powerful, and the one that had the deepest compass, of any voice in Erin. And having entered the mon-

astery, and reported himself dutifully to the abbot, he would repair straightway to his own cell, which he loved exceedingly, albeit it was ruder than any other, being open on two sides, and blown about by all the gales of ocean. And here he would labor hard with his hands, his arms bare, and the sweat pouring from his face, fashioning all manner of vessels, both large and small, of which the greater number have in the evil times been lost, but of which some remain with us unto this day.

Yet these works and fashionings of his were but a small portion of all that St. Fechin accomplished at that time. For he travelled incessantly, not only throughout Corca Bascinn and Ciarraige Luacra, but over the whole of Erin, visiting all monasteries, and shrines, and eremitical places. Likewise, the greater chiefs he visited, and, wheresoever he went, he admonished them, showing that evil days were at hand, and would shortly come, and that they ought to make ready for them, trusting in the power of God, but also preparing themselves, even as he would have them to do.

Then a day came when the resolve took Fechin suddenly that he would visit Rome. Accordingly he started to walk thither without warning or preparation of any kind. And as he journeyed Romewards, he visited all the lands that lie between it and Erin, and all the cities, and strong fortresses, and monasteries, and kings' palaces in those lands, so far as they were on his path, walking always by himself, having neither company nor change of raiment, wearing ever the habit of his order, and having his head bare, and for all defence a great knotted holly stick, which he carried ready in his hands.

In this way, travelling day and night, and not resting anywhere for more than one night at a time, he arrived before the gates of Rome. Albeit, when he arrived there, it was the gloaming of the evening, so that he found them shut before him. Accordingly he called to the gatekeeper, and

desired that the gates should be opened. But the gatekeeper refused to open them, saying that it was now past the hour, and that none therefore might enter the city until the morning.

When he heard that word, St. Fechin was wroth, and he lifted up that great knotted stick of Irish holly which he carried in his hands, and struck with it three times loudly upon the gates of Rome. And then occurred that great and wonderful miracle the fame of which has gone abroad unto all lands, for the glory of God, and the greater praise and manifestation of the saints of Erin. For no sooner had the echo and the sound of those three blows which the saint struck died away, than there followed immediately a great drumming, and clashing, and riving noise, so that the whole city of Rome heard it. And great fear fell upon all the people of the city, they being fully persuaded that the judgment day had come. And lo! Rome's great gates, even her gates of iron and of bronze, and of beaten gold, opened suddenly and widely of themselves. Further than this, every gate and door throughout the whole city of Rome, and every single thing upon the which there was any lock or fastening (whether internal or exterior), they all opened suddenly of themselves; there was not so much as one single bolt or lock that remained closed and fastened within the city.

Then St. Fechin walked in, and abode peaceably there that night. And it was told to the pope early the next morning how that a tall cleric of the Irish Scots had come to Rome, and all that had occurred when the gatekeeper had refused to open the gates to him. Then the pope marvelled greatly at what he heard, and he said to those that told him, "Bring us here that Irish cleric." So St. Fechin was brought before the pope, wearing his robe, in which he had walked from Erin, and carrying his great knotted stick of Irish holly in his hand. And the pope, when he saw him, marvelled the more, because of the great height and breadth of the man, which was

greater than the height or the breadth of any man whom he had ever seen before; also at the report of all that he had done, and of the marvels that had been wrought by him. And when the pope spake to him, and inquired concerning his travels, Fechin answered him in a voice so great and masterful that the pope was fain to turn away his head, not being able to support the volume of it. And every known or famous man in the whole of that city of Rome, as well as the abbot of Rome, and the pope himself, and his twelve cardinals, all gathered round to see the great and wonderful Irish cleric.

Then, when a few days were past, being anxious to test him more completely, the pope gave orders that he should say mass in his presence, and in the presence of Rome's people all. So they led Fechin with them to St. Peter's high altar. And the altar was dressed for his use, but no missal was given him, neither was any vessel, nor any bell provided. So, having put on his vestments, and looked about him, St. Fechin perceived that, these things being absent, the altar was not fit or ready for the celebration of mass. "Lo, I see plainly that this is meant for the proving of me," said he to himself, "I being a stranger here, and coming from a far land, and a small land, and one that has not of late won any fresh fame or reputation." With that he bowed himself down before the altar of St. Peter's, and prayed earnestly to God, the Creator of all things whether animate or inanimate, also to St. Patrick, and to St. Columba, and to St. Columbanus, and to St. Kieran of Saigher, that his country and their country might suffer no wrong or diminution at his hands. And having thus prayed, he stood erect, and stretched his hands above his head, high into the air before them all, he standing before the altar and having his back to them. And lo! when he drew his hands down again, one of those small iron bells which he had himself fashioned at Corca Bascinn, far off beside the great sea, was in his hands, also a chalice of the Irish pat-

tern, and a small Gospel (*Soscila beg*) such as he was wont to use at home. Then he rejoiced greatly, not for his own sake, but for the glory of God, and for the sake of his country, which had suffered no shame, but had rather received fresh glory at his hands. And straightway he celebrated mass in the presence of the pope and of the Romans all, and afterwards he preached to them in the same place. And his voice was heard not only throughout the church, but across the entire city of Rome. So that certain mockers (of whom there were a great store in that town) declared jestingly that, for a certainty, one of the old gods of the heathen must have come back to visit it, for that no mere mortal could have had such a voice, it having a sound as of the wind, and of the sea, and of all the stormier elements of nature in it, as well as a power and persuasiveness which carried it straight into the hearts of all that listened.

After that St. Fechin remained five weeks in Rome, and when he left yet another miracle was vouchsafed to him. For that small iron bell with which he had celebrated mass, and which, on his departure, he left behind him upon the altar of St. Peter's, was found afterwards to have gone from thence, and so soon as ever he returned to Corca Bascinn, as he neared his own cell, behold! it was there waiting for him, hanging upon a birchen bough near the door. And this miracle happened three times over, for thrice he sent it back to Rome, and each time it stole home again after him. Therefore, the name of *eloidhech*, or "The Deserter," came to be henceforward bestowed upon that bell.<sup>1</sup>

Then, after leaving Rome, St. Fechin walked homewards to Erin, returning to it by a different way from that which he had taken on leaving, to the intent that he might see all that lay upon his road. And all that he saw, and all that he learned upon his travels, and every fresh work and new thing that he ob-

served, these he carefully noted down, not writing them upon parchment, or upon waxen tables, but carrying them with him engraved on his own heart, ready for the use and for the service of his own country and his own people.

In this way, as he was nearing home, it chanced that upon a certain tide he was in the land of the Armorican Gauls, which is upon the seacoast. And having arrived late one night in a monastery, early the next morning he walked abroad to see what manner of place he was in, as was his wont and habit. And as he did so, he came suddenly upon a number of masons, who were at work upon a tower for the defence and protection of that monastery. Then, having stood a while to contemplate them, St. Fechin perceived how that this tower was not only of a great height, and of a great strength, but was built quite differently from any tower that he had seen ever before. For the doorway of it stood some twenty feet or more above the ground, and the windows, though small, were exceedingly strong, and the shape of it entirely round, and the masonry work extraordinarily close and fine; roof it had as yet none, that portion of it being uncompleted. Then, having stood a while longer to observe it, suddenly the Spirit of God descended upon him with great force, so that he perceived and knew for a certainty of what great profit the like towers would be, and were destined moreover in God's good providence to be, to his own land, and especially to the monasteries in it, which greatly needed protection. With that, girding up his robe, he went down suddenly amongst the masons, and taking a tool out of the hands of one of them, set to work silently in their midst, for he spake not the tongue which they spoke, neither did they speak nor understand his tongue.

But those masons — beholding one whom they knew not thus suddenly at work amongst them, and not being willing that a stranger should learn their secrets — ran upon him with one accord to lay hands upon him violently. Seeing which St. Fechin, crying out in

<sup>1</sup> For very similar Roman miracles performed by St. Molastus of Devenish, see "*Silva Gadelica*," pp. 28-29.

his great voice, and calling upon God to aid him, their feet became stuck fast to the ground, and their hands and their arms glued to their sides, and their very tongues clave to their mouths, so that they could utter no word, neither in their own tongue nor in any other. And so they remained, lost in wonder and miserable confusion, until St. Fechin, taking pity on them, restored to them the use of their limbs and of their tongues, and moreover gave to them for their use both the Latin and the Irish tongues, neither of which before they knew a single word of.

Then, when their tongues were loosed, they perceived with one accord what a miracle had been wrought upon them, and they turned to God, and believed with their whole hearts. And straightway they showed to St. Fechin all their secrets, and all the art of their masonry, and all that they knew, so that in a little while he became a master builder, more expert than any of them, able to build such towers, and to set them straight and firm and solid upon the ground, as was afterwards abundantly seen and tested.

After that he abode nine days in that monastery in order to perfect his knowledge. And all who saw him there, and all who became acquainted with him, bestowed their soul's affection upon him. So great was the favor that he won in the eyes of the abbot, and of his monks, and of all who saw him, that they could not endure it when the time came that he must leave them. And when that day came, they followed him a long way on his road, weeping and lamenting because he would not remain. And having come to the spot where they must needs part company, they all lifted up their voices together, and blessed him, saying:—

Good hath been thy visit to our house, oh strong-armed and pleasant-tongued cleric of the western Scots! Prosperous be the road that thou takest back to thine own land. Happy shall he be that showeth thee any kindness or hospitality, but he that showeth thee any evil thing, let his dwelling become an abomination to him;

upon the black flagstones of Hell let him lie for ever and ever, because thy face has been a benediction to us, and thy voice as loud music in our ears, and our hearts cleave tenderly to thy heart, and we are grieved and exceedingly loath to part with thee, oh strong-armed and pleasant-voiced cleric of the western Scots!

These were the words that they sang that day, all of them together, and they all wept, lifting up their voices and complaining, because he would not remain. Nevertheless, after he had parted from them with many friendly words, St. Fechin travelled away right joyfully over sea and land, neither pausing nor delaying any more, but growing lighter in heart day by day, because he was now nearing home. And so he came at last to the shores of little Eriinn, and to his own country of the Corca Bascinn once more.

But as the devil, which loveth discord would have it, a very evil and a very contentious spirit had meanwhile got abroad over all that part of Erin. For every chief and prince, and every son of a prince, was at war with some other chief or prince, so that the whole of south Eriinn was filled with the noise of their contentions. Neither were these contentions about any great matters, such as might fittingly take men to their deaths, but about matters of no account, so that more men were slain that year than had been for many years past, yet none could say wherefore they were slain, or to what end, nor yet in whose cause, nor could even put any name to those wars, for the friends of one day became the foes of the next, and all was noise, and fury, and most bloody and uncomfortable confusion.

Seeing this, and observing how great a store of men and treasure was being wasted to no end, St. Fechin was greatly grieved, and, moreover, was very wrathful, knowing, as he did, what evil days were in store, and must surely come soon, and all the sooner and the more surely because none made any provision for them. For already, three years before this, the black ships of the heathen Gall had ap-



peared for the first time upon the coast of Erin, and had descended upon Inis Patrick, and had ravaged and destroyed many places, carrying off everything that they found in them, as well as many men and women as slaves to their ships.

Being, therefore, fully persuaded that they would shortly come again, and yet in greater numbers and with more ferocity than before, St. Fechin went to and fro over the whole south of Erin, and along both shores of the river Senan,<sup>1</sup> endeavoring to persuade the chiefs and princes to lay aside their disputings and to unite as brethren, assuring them and prophesying to them that, unless they did so, they would, without doubt, be defeated and destroyed, the heathen being so fierce and cruel, as well as so skilled and practised in all the arts of war, and that they, being found separate and divided, would become the prey of the pagan Gall, and would be made his slaves and his bondsmen, and that the altars of God would be everywhere overturned, and that their wives and their daughters would become the chattels and the *things* of the heathen; all which predictions have since come to pass, as we who have lived in the evil days know only too well, even as the saint at that time predicted.

Then certain of those chiefs and princes believed his words, and forbore from their disputes. But others, and the greater number of them, said: "Lo! the pagan Gall have come but once, wherefore, then, should we look that they should ever return again?" While others thought within themselves that if it was only the men of the east or the north that were harmed, and slain and carried away, well, it was no very great matter. For one reason, therefore, or another they mostly betook themselves presently again to their fightings, and their hostings, and their harryings in which they took such delight, even as they had done before St. Fechin returned to Erin.

Then when he perceived that his words went for nought with them the saint was full of wrath, and pronounced a great curse against those who, having heard his words, paid no heed to them. Likewise he went continually to and fro, visiting all the monasteries throughout the whole of Erin, and wheresoever he went he besought the abbot and the brethren of those monasteries that they would make haste to build them defences; and especially he besought them to erect tall bell-towers, or *cloictheagh*, of the same kind and description as those which he had learned himself to construct in the land of Armorica, showing them how all the sick of the monastery, and all treasures, whether precious metals or manuscripts, could be safely stored in such towers, they being of their own nature so strong that a few men, and those unlearned in the arts of war, might readily defend them against a host.

Then at certain of the monasteries the abbot and the brethren attended to his words, and having obtained their consent, St. Fechin straightway gathered together a store of workmen, and these he taught all that he had learned in the land of Armorica, showing them how to build the towers, and how to set them firm and erect upon their bases. And then for the first time tall *cloictheagh* began to arise in the land, and all who saw them were greatly astonished at their strength and their height, and at the symmetry of their mason-work, although as yet they were less lofty and of a less perfect symmetry than many that were in the after-days built.

Howbeit at the greater number of the monasteries the abbot and the monks refused to allow him to build such towers, declaring that the cost of them was too great, and not believing, moreover, that the danger was so near as he said. And amongst those was his own monastery of Cluain-Duach, in Corca Bascinn, whose old abbot being now dead, the sacristan Ferdonnach had been elected abbot in his room, which same was a man suspicious by nature

<sup>1</sup> Shannon.

of all things that were new, and one, moreover, never willing that aught should be proposed or done in the monastery but such things as he himself proposed or did.

Finding that all he could say availed nothing, St. Fechin at last rose up suddenly in his place, and with a great oath swore that he would no longer remain in that monastery, nor yet set foot in it ever again till he died. Nevertheless, because of the trouble that he foresaw coming upon Corca Bascinn, he resolved that he would not depart from it altogether. Therefore, he presently determined in his own mind that he would build himself a small *damliagh*, or cell, upon one of the waste islands which lay hard by in the midst of the sea, even as other saints and holy men had done before him. And of all the many islands in that sea none would he choose, and upon no other would he live, only upon the "Wicked" *illaun*, as it was still called, which lay opposite to the point of Foo-hagh.

Having got himself a wickerwork coracle, he embarked in it, therefore, alone. And having rowed himself across the space of sea which lies between the island and the shore, he reached its foot, and tied his coracle to the rocks, and began to climb. And the abbot Ferdornach and all the brethren of the monastery assembled upon the seashore opposite, and they all trembled exceedingly, and prayed aloud, expecting to see him torn in pieces by the devils, or else of a surety to fall into the water, the sides of the island being so straight and precipitous that it seemed scarce possible for any man to scale them. Nevertheless St. Fechin reached the top safely, being aided as some maintain by two strong angels, who supported him on either hand, while others declare that a great cord was let down to him from on high. And next day he returned to fetch away his books and his hammering tools, yet, because of his oath, he would not set foot in the monastery, but bade one of the monks bring them to him where he stood.

Then, having made a load of them, and fastened them upon his back, he once more returned to the island. And here he built himself a cell of loose stones, roofing it over with scraws, which he cut from the turf. And there he abode for two years and seven months, even as his namesake, St. Fechin of Conmaene-Mara had abode in a like cell upon the little island of Ard Oilen, opposite the point called Ren-vyle, living upon shellfish and stale bread, of which a bag was left at the foot of the cliff, seeking and finding a desert in the ocean (*quæreret desertum in Oceano*), as holy men and confessors of Erin have in all ages delighted to do.

In this way the time passed on until that black year came, the blackest and the most deadly amongst the many evil years of Erin, when for the second time, and now with greater daring and ferocity and cruelty than before, the pagan ships once more visited its shores, being seen this time first off the headland of Cnoc Brandon in Ciarraige Luacra. And having entered Ciarraige Luacra by the Cashen River, they ravaged and destroyed it utterly, seeking out all its holy shrines, and churches, and monasteries, and destroying all that was found therein, save such things as they carried away with them to their ships.

Then there arose a great wailing, and a great trembling panic throughout the land. And from all directions the people who dwelt upon the seacoast and upon the banks of the rivers fled inland, and went to hide themselves in the innermost parts of the forests. And in the monasteries also there was great wailing and tribulation, especially in those that had made no provision for defence. And at the monastery of Cluain-Duach in Corca Bascinn, the abbot Ferdornach became like a man distraught, so filled was he with terror, by reason of the monastery standing close to the edge of the seashore, and the heathen being at that time so near, scarce half a day's sail distant, and sure therefore to come and ravage it, so soon as they had done ravaging and

destroying the monasteries of Ciarraige Luacra. And being utterly given over to fear, and to a craven love of life, he fled away secretly from the monastery by night, with two other monks, all three of them slipping off their sacred robes, and disguising themselves in lay ones, so that they might, as they hoped, the more readily escape.

Then, finding themselves left without any head or guidance, a great panic seized upon the other monks, and they likewise fled, carrying with them all that they could lay hold of, both of food and goods. Nevertheless a few of those that were left took shame to themselves thus to fly before the heathen, telling one another that it were better to suffer death than to live in like dishonor. And these put out in cots and whatsoever boats they could find, and betook themselves to St. Fechin upon his island. And having come to the foot of it they cried aloud to him, saying that they had come to stay with him to the end, and that they were ready to obey his commands, and to endure even Red martyrdom, so only it might redound to the glory of God and to the better ransom of their immortal souls.

Then, having understood what they purposed and what they had come to do, St. Fechin let down a cord to them from the top of the island; and when they had reached him he fell upon their necks, and embraced them tenderly, and blessed them. And other monks also, who had at first fled, repented and came in like manner, till there were as many as the island could contain.

Then, while the heathen still tarried, certain of the men of the coast that had not been able to fly, especially of the very poor and the very starving, who cared not greatly, perchance, for their lives, gathered themselves together in a little band upon the seashore. And perceiving them there, St. Fechin spoke to them, telling them, and proclaiming aloud, that God was stronger even than the heathen, and would in the end surely overcome them, although the tribulation was so

great and so furious for a season. And then was made manifest the reason of that great voice of his, which was greater than the voice of any other man before or since in Erin. For such was the power of it that he could be heard by those that stood upon the shore, and that, too, despite of the rolling of the waves, and the grinding of the rocks, and the loud cries of the seabirds. And daily the number of those that came to listen to him increased, for he filled their souls with awe, and with confidence, and with a power above death, so that, forgetting for the moment their fears, they seemed only to dread one thing — namely, to lose a single word of those that the saint uttered. For he spake as one who stands upon his own grave, to whom all things are known, and all secrets revealed; for whom life and death are as one, and everything is made clear and manifest. And he spake to them of Heaven and of Hell, and of the great Judgment to come, and of the certain joys reserved for the Faithful, and the sure destruction, misery, and damnation of the Wicked. And of Erin herself, moreover, he spoke, and he prophesied many things, saying that she must be persecuted, and must be tormented many years, both at the hands of the heathen Gail and at the hands of other strangers; and that her strength would never lie in her great wealth, nor yet in the abundance of her treasures, for that these things would never be hers in any great degree. Neither would she be a great or a powerful nation, as some other nations were, but would know defeat, and shame, and sorrow, so that her sons would oftentimes have to hang their heads in humiliation because of her. Nevertheless would a golden seed, he said, remain in her, and would swell and increase continually, so that by reason of those very tribulations, and of the evil things that would befall her, and of the many tears that she would have to shed, and of all the blood with which her fields would be bedewed — for these very reasons, and because of the pity of her great beauty

which was to be so wasted and marred by trouble and evil usage—her sons and her daughters would love her and would cherish her, as no other land in all the wide earth had ever been loved or been cherished. And that they would gather out of all lands, north and south, and east and west, men and women of diverse race, and of diverse creeds, and of diverse ways of thought. And this one thing alone, he said, would unite them all—namely, the love of that poor country of theirs, who was the nurse, and the mother, and the dear heart's beloved of them all.

And many other things declared he, and prophesied he, whereof I, who write down these words, have no strength to tell; nor did he ever cease until a day came when as he was still speaking to the people gathered together on the shore to hear him, lo! the black galleys of the heathen were seen advancing high above the water, and coming towards them, laden with all the spoil which they had collected in Ciarraige Luacra.

Then at that sight a great cry arose from those that stood upon the sea-shore, and, their courage once more failing them, they ran, and went to hide themselves in the woods and inland places, and St. Fechin and his little band of monks remained alone to see the end.

Of that end, and of what there befell, no mortal can tell, for none were there to see it, only the angels of God. Nevertheless one who stood afar off declared that he beheld the black ships of the heathen gathered about the island of St. Fechin, even as wolves in a forest gather about some prey that they have marked out to devour. And for a time it seemed that they were unable to ascend it, both because of the steepness of its sides, and because of the great rain of stones and rocks which the saint and his companions ceased not to fling down continually upon their accursed heads. Nevertheless in the end they succeeded in doing so; being doubtless aided by Satan and his hosts. And thereupon there went up from the whole top of that island a

great and a burning flame, such a flame as may be seen upon an altar when a sacrifice is made before God. And further than this no man knoweth, only God himself, who knoweth all things; from whom no secrets are hid, with whom is all power, might, majesty, and dominion forever and ever. *Here endeth the life of St. Fechin of Corca Bascinn.*

EMILY LAWLESS.

From Temple Bar.

AMONG THE SNOW-MOUNTAINS OF THE TYROL.

To the English tourist the by-ways of the Austrian Tyrol are as little known as its snow-mountains to the English climber. Whatever the cause, one may journey for a month amidst the peaks and valleys of the Ortler and Oetzthaler Alps, and never hear one's mother-tongue. Many, it is true, visit Méran, but only in the late autumn, and to reanimate their digestions with the grape-cure; others spend a week at Cortina; some rare mountaineers attack the Dolomites; and an occasional few pass a night at Innsbruck on their way to the Engadine. But there the English invasion of the Tyrol ends; the rest of the country is handed over as a playground to the German. Consequently, some account of an August expedition into these neglected parts may prove of interest to English readers. Our party, which consisted of three, as all well regulated parties should—two to quarrel and one to keep the peace—was organized, in the main, for mountaineering purposes; but the weather was unpropitious at times, and so we travelled among the cedars and the pines as much as over the snowfields above them.

Our first destination was Gepatch, which lies on the north side of the Oetzthaler Alps and forms the most convenient spot for exploring them. We travelled along the Vor-Arlberg Railway to Landeck, posted from there to Prutz, and then walked up the twenty-four miles of the Kaunser Thal.

It was early August, and the valley was carpeted with bilberries and Alpine flowers, the blue aconite and a pale pink carnation, unknown to any of us, prevailing amongst the latter. Wild strawberries, each one compressing in its tiny shape the sweetness and color of a half-dozen of our home-grown, fringed the path; while on each side the rocks rose steeply, broken now and again by a cluster of trees or the channel of a waterfall, which here poured down in a solid cascade, there leaped into the air sideways, with a circular motion, like the opening of a fan.

Far above us, at the head of the valley, we could see the Gepatch glacier sparkling in the sun, and just beneath it, on a bluff of cedars, Gepatch itself, its pine roof showing red against the dark green of the trees.

The building, which goes by this name, needs the German language to define it. However, the language has risen to the occasion and describes it aptly, though with its usual preference of literal truth to grace of speech, in three words, as "a behotelled hut." The distinctive feature of a hotel in the Tyrol is the possession of bedrooms, and this quality Gepatch can claim. In other respects, as the definition suggests, the hut preponderates. We were received into a long, uncarpeted room, thick with a fog of Austrian tobacco. Down its entire length stretched a bare, pine-wood table; on each side of this were kitchen chairs closely ranged, and as most of them were occupied by Germans, all heatedly arguing, shouting, and gesticulating at the same time, the scene seemed to us like the burlesque of a board-meeting. However, they were only discussing their "records."

The love of the German for the Alps is perhaps the most remarkable instance that can be found of the peculiar fascination which mountains exert. He is for some reason essentially a bad climber. The mountaineering instinct may perhaps be occasionally acquired by him after long experience; but he is never born to it. None the less, he

constructs admirable paths over the lower slopes, builds elaborate huts on glaciers and rocks, stretches wire ropes along narrow ridges, and, as it were, in spite of himself, works his way to the tops of the peaks. That he signals his return by making incredibly long speeches at the top of his voice is a regrettable fact. But, after all, he atones for his noise by the sincerity of his enthusiasm.

Meanwhile, our landlord in his shirt-sleeves, and with a "Virginian" between his teeth, served up our dinner, and we went to bed. The next morning we started early for the glacier, kept for some distance along its left bank, and then turned up at right angles towards the Hinter Oelgruben Spitze. A wearisome ascent over grass and snow brought us to the foot of a sharply defined *arrête*, which ran down eastwards from the mountain summit, and which, as far as we could gather from subsequent investigation, had not been previously climbed. Here we put on the rope and proceeded along the ridge. On the north side, the cliff fell in a sheer precipice of several hundreds of feet; on the south it sloped steeply in a succession of smooth slabs. The thin edge, besides, which we were traversing was insecure through the looseness of the rock; it broke and crumbled beneath the foot, and, where sound, was covered with a gritty *débris* like gravel; so that, altogether, considerable caution was necessary. About three hundred feet below the summit the line of our *arrête* was interrupted by a deep gap, and on the further side of this a *gend'arme*, or upstanding rock, curiously similar to Scafell Pinnacle in appearance, promised effectively to bar our way. Closer examination from its actual base, however, revealed a gully which could be climbed, and from its top the path was easy.

The expedition was mainly undertaken in order to reconnoitre the Weisssee Spitze, which is invisible from the valley. This mountain is usually ascended either from the east across the Weisssee, a snowfield which rises in a gentle slope for some monot-



onous miles, or from the Weiss Joch on the south-west. Both ways are singularly uninteresting. To the north, however, it presents a steep face of ice and snow, varied with hanging glaciers and wall-like seracs. This side we now had full in view, and we scanned it eagerly in the hope of discovering a practicable way to the top. The ice which, with the sun full on it, wore a rich, smooth look as of white velvet, overhung the lower inclines, but on the west corner of this face we could see a long slope which, commencing about a third of the height up, seemed to lead directly to the summit. It was traversed by three *bergschrunds*, or chasms, at different elevations, but we trusted to find snow-bridges over these, and had little doubt that if we could once reach the bottom of this slope, we should be able to make a new route across the mountain. At any rate we determined to essay the attempt. Consequently we devoted the next day to preparations, that is to say, we lay on the grass under a cedar, with a copious supply of tobacco and three volumes of Tauchnitz. Late in the afternoon, however, we collected our energies and going down to the tongue of the Gepatch glacier, selected the point at which it would be most advisable to cross. From here to the inn the way stretched over a plain of boulders and stones, and knowing how easy it would be for us to miss our direction in the dark, we marked out a path across this first mile by building a succession of cairns. To a party which dispenses with guides, this precaution is practically necessary, as the hours which one can least afford to waste are those preceding sunrise.

We left Gepatch at two o'clock on the following morning, and with the aid of a lantern, traversed the glacier and mounted by a rough path on to the grass slopes of the Kumgampfen Thal. Here we sat down to wait for the morning and recover our tempers. For few of the minor annoyances of life are so thoroughly and completely irritating as those consequent upon stumbling up a hillside in the dark. The indignation

of one member of the party was, moreover, accentuated by the solid weight of a camera. This, by the way, was the camera's first and last mountain ascent, though the rest of us, who had not the carrying of it, loudly deplored its abandonment. For, indeed, it had its uses; when one was tired and needed a rest, one could stop to con-dole with its owner, or to readjust it more firmly on his back. The last device, however, through frequent repetition, aroused bad blood in the end, and was reluctantly discontinued. The sky was already paling in the north-east when we stopped, and each moment the outlines of the hills were growing sharper and blacker against it. A colorless light, bringing to mind Stevenson's description of "clean, essential daylight," began to pour over the gaps of the mountains. Opposite to us the planet Venus was drowning slowly in the increasing flood, and in a few minutes we saw the highest snow-tops flush to a pale pink across the valley. The sight warned us to be moving, and by half past five we had gained the foot of the Weisssee glacier. There we halted for breakfast. Afterwards we proceeded up the lateral moraine, avoiding the first ice-fall, took to the glacier above it, found an easy path through the middle of the second, and finally set foot upon the actual snow-slope of our mountain shortly after seven.

For some distance there was no need to cut steps, and we were the more gratified by this in that our way was here overhung by the fringe of the hanging glacier. Masses of ice bulged out of the incline above us, and, worst sign of all, blocks which had broken away from it lay scattered about the snow over which we passed. We were unable to change our direction on account of a *bergschrund* which lay ahead, and which, widening out towards both of its ends, only afforded a passage in the direct line of our ascent. Once, however, that had been crossed, we bore off hurriedly to the right, and passing under some huge seracs which stood one behind the other like ruined

fortifications, threatening to fall, came out upon an open space. Above us lay the slope which we had observed; it was some three thousand feet in height, and consisted of hard, black ice, here and there overlaid by a strip of snow, so that the axe was in use during most of the climb. Of the bergschrunds only one caused trouble. The gap itself was fairly narrow, but the upper lip of the chasm rose in a sheer wall of some feet, so that when we had discovered a spot where we would cross its width we had still to cut a ladder up its further side. Altogether this portion of the mountain took us five hours to climb, and it was half past eleven when we stood upon the summit. There was hardly a wisp of cloud to be seen.

In front of us stretched the highlands of the Engadine as far as the eye could see, a tossed ocean of peaks, here purple, there white, and on all the sparkle of the sun. To our left, under a green sky, rose Monte Cevedale and the Italian Alps, and in the foreground was the sturdy Ortler with its flying buttresses of rock. On all sides the mountains were distinct with a marvelous clearness. Needless to say the camera was brought into play and some twenty photographs were taken.

For two hours we remained on the top, unconscious of the lapse of time. The extreme note of admiration was struck by the Londoner of the party. He stood by himself for some time on the edge of the slope, fortifying his strength with Kola biscuits and sizing up the scene. At last he turned towards us and said, with a grave air of conclusiveness, "This is better than Taplow or Maidenhead."

The descent was as monotonous as the climb had been interesting. We followed the usual route across the Weisssee, and all the afternoon plodded knee-deep in fresh snow, with the sun burning on our backs. We reached Gepatch at eight.

Late that night the photographs were developed. We all three slept in one room, and at intervals I kept waking up. Each time I saw a patient

figure in a flannel shirt bending over a candle shaded with red gauze. In the morning I saw fragments of black glass littering the room; the photographer was heaving restlessly in a troubled sleep, babbling incoherently of over-exposure. He came down last to breakfast and wore an unnecessarily aggressive look upon a haggard face. He carried a parcel firmly corded under his arm. We politely inquired its contents; but he only glared in reply, and addressed it with a somewhat vindictive decision:—

Poste Restante,  
Básle.

That was the last we saw of the camera.

The day after we crossed the Glockthurm, and came down its north side into the valley of Radurschal. The limpid clearness of the air which we had noticed from the Weisssee Spitze had prepared us for a change of weather. The morning too had broken in the east in long bars of an orange color. So that we were not surprised when we reached the peak of the Glockthurm to see an ominous strip of black beginning to broaden out from the edge of the horizon. Consequently we wasted no time in the descent, but the storm travelled the faster; and before we were free from the snow, we could see the rain, no great distance off, drawn between the hills like a diaphanous curtain, shot here and there with a gold thread of sunlight. By the time it swept across to us we had still two miles of stone and scree to cover before we could hope for shelter.

Tyrolese legends tell of a wild hunter who lured a certain baron from the chase, and made him a formal demand for his wife. The baron's prayers and entreaties secured a sardonic offer of an alternative. If within a month the baroness could guess the three words which composed the hunter's name her domestic happiness should not be disturbed. The baron returned homewards in despair, and broke the tidings to his wife. But she, sitting in the highest tower of her

castle and looking over the dark tree-tops to where the hunter lived, imagined his name from the nature of his demesne, and, clapping her hands gaily, exclaimed, "Tree, Fir, Pine."

This simple myth might fitly have grown up in the Radurschal Thal. For pines and firs clothe its steep sides down to the very level. The only gaps are the green tracks of winter avalanches. Even the waterfalls which leap and brawl throughout the Tyrol are missing here, and the unusual silence gives the hollow an added loneliness. To us, indeed, seen in the dim light and through the driving rain, it seemed as lonely a spot as the world provides. Even the Church had forgotten it. Wherever else one goes, even though no dwelling-place be visible, one may be sure of distinguishing the high white tower capped with its brown cupola asserting the domination of the priesthood; but here only an occasional woodcutter's hut or a rare chalet in the midst of a tiny alp gives a touch of life to the solitude.

The inn, dignified by the title of "Radurschal Haus," stands in the centre of the valley, some three miles from its head. We found the door locked and the house empty. But as the nearest village lay a good ten miles off at the mouth of the Thal, we had no resource but to kick our heels in the rain on the bench outside. There we soaked for half an hour. At last we heard the tinkling of bells, and four cows slouched lazily from the trees into the clearing. Our landlady was pursuing them with guttural expostulations; she carried a gigantic umbrella, and her skirts were tucked up to her knees, so that she looked like a dingy mushroom which had been galvanized into life. Our appearance caused her a most palpable shock. However, she unlocked the door with profuse apologies, and departed to forage for provisions.

The interior of the house deepened the impression of remoteness which the valley produced. It had the peculiar odor which one associates with deserted dwellings, and wore besides

a certain quaint monastic look. A large, bare hall of whitewashed stone stretched from front to back; it was paved with cobbles, and solidly arched like a Norman church, while on either side a massive stairway led upwards and downwards. The most interesting feature of the building, however, was the kitchen. It dispensed with the luxuries of a fireplace and chimney, an outlet for the smoke being obtained by the primitive device of leaving the door open. The roof was low and naturally black, and from an angle of the room a large square of brickwork waist high had been built out to cover a fourth of the area. On the flat top of this some wood logs were crackling under a gipsy kettle. The reappearance of our hostess with an apron full of eggs checked further explorations, and we retreated to the guest-chamber, and whiled away the period of waiting with an examination of the visitors' book. It accounted completely for the locking of the door, for only nine strangers were recorded to have slept there since the summer of '88.

During the evening the storm increased, thunder volleyed about the hills, and every now and then, in an occasional lull, came a flash of lightning so vivid that the glacier and snowfields at the head of the valley shone rose-pink in the light. The morning, however, broke brightly, as if washed clean by the rain, and we were up betimes, only to find that the house held yet another surprise in store. For, entering the kitchen, we saw a young girl drying her dress before the fire. She did not turn or indeed give any sign that she noticed our entrance, but we observed that she was well and neatly clothed, and had a certain fragile air which ill accorded with her loneliness and the long journey she must have come. For the nearest posting-station was twelve miles away, and it was evident at a glance that she belonged to none of the peasants in the Thal.

After breakfast we strolled on to the grass in front, and noticed a couple of chamois, which had been driven by the

storm down to the level, carelessly sauntering back to their heights. After a while the girl followed us into the light. She was pretty, with a certain delicate fineness about the contour of her face, rare in the Austrian or German. She looked, moreover, in trouble, and seeing us, hesitated as if about to speak. But all of a sudden her face cleared, and, following the direction of her gaze, we saw a thin coil of smoke rising from a chalet above us. We had remarked this on our way down to the inn on account of its superiority and finish. It was cunningly fashioned of little over-lapping shields of pine wood, and seemed to be a hunting-box. But on the evening before there had been no hint of life within it. The windows had been shuttered, and the gate barred. The girl turned from us with her speech unspoken, and tripped lightly up the path, leaving us to imagine a romance, and fast for the details.

From the inn we walked down the Radurschal Thal, passing continual shrines set up to memorialize the deaths of peasants who had been suddenly overwhelmed by the winter snows, and reached Pfunds with its frescoed houses at two.

Nothing perhaps marks so clearly the religious character of the Tyrolese as the frescoes and inscriptions which adorn their dwellings. Pictures of the Virgin Mary are most frequently seen, and after them, figures of patron saints with their feet upon the world. The inscriptions usually are of a sombre nature. One may be quoted as typical:—

We build our hamlets well and strong.  
Only we are but guests in them.  
Where we shall live forever, we build but little.

At Pfunds we waited till the heat of the day was past, and in the evening touched civilization again at Finstermüntz.

A. E. W. MASON.

From Belgravia.

#### WOMEN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

##### THE GREAT CITOYENNE

(MADAME ROLAND).

IN these days when a bloodless but complete revolution has been effected in the position of English women, the fruits of which are destined to be lasting, it cannot but be interesting to recall to mind the immense part taken in the great but by no means bloodless Revolution of France a hundred years ago by women, who absorbed more attention and power, and played a more striking part than was ever done before in the drama of life.

In reading their histories, we cannot help being struck by the intensely "modern" tone of the French heroines of the end of the last century. The so-called new and "advanced" ideas of the women of our day were no novelties to the French of the last decade of the eighteenth century. They were accepted as a matter of course, and received no additional opposition on the score of sex from their opponents. It never seems to have entered the heads of the "advanced" men of the period, that women could be excluded from participation in all that made life to them worth living, freedom, liberty to lead their own lives, and the right to a share in men's perils and heroisms, as well as their privileges. Even the latest development of women's careers to-day in England had its counterpart during the French Revolution, though originating from a different motive. Whereas of late, a certain section of English women have desired to enlist themselves as volunteers in order the more effectively to carry out their ambulance duties in time of war, a number in France enrolled themselves as women volunteers in order to repel the foreign invaders who hovered on their borders and endeavored to crush the new-born liberties of French patriots. In one thing only do we find French women of the end of the eighteenth century inferior in initiative to our women of the end of the nineteenth century—there was

no demand for "woman's suffrage;" but this may probably be explained by the fact that men had only re-acquired the privilege of voting for the National Assembly as late as 1789, after many years of desuetude, and events marched so fast and furiously to the end of the Reign of Terror in 1794, that time and opportunity were lacking for the promulgation of this doctrine. Probably if the great Napoleon, the enemy of freedom, had not arisen to crush all liberty for the time being, the political enfranchisement of women would not have had to wait another hundred years to germinate in the minds of men.

At all times, in France, women have exercised potent influence, politically, socially, and sentimentally.

The country of Jeanne d'Arc has never lacked heroines and martyrs.

During the reigns of Catherine de Medici's miserable sons, their Italian mother, by her absolute, cruel, and narrow-minded policy, plunged the country into the horrors of St. Bartholomew, which were only equalled by the excesses of the Reign of Terror.

During the corrupt reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. the influence of women at court, and therefore all over France was paramount and entirely pernicious to the welfare of the people. Women in all ages have matched the men, so as noble aspirations, unselfishness, love of justice and right were at a discount amongst the men who crowded the courts of the licentious Bourbons, where the debauchery and depravity were unparalleled since the era of Tiberius and Commodus, the throngs of titled courtesans merrily joined their royal and aristocratic lovers in spending the revenues exacted from the miserable peasants with tears of blood, until similar tears were extorted from them in turn by the Revolution they originated.

Many generations of bad government by kings, courtesans, and courtiers, the oppressions of the rich clergy and nobles who monopolized all that was worth having in the State, and exacted their taxes and seignorial dues from

those who at last had nothing left to tax, culminated in the intense misery of the years immediately preceding 1789, the first year of deliverance, and bred in the hearts of the victims a ferocity of hate for their oppressors, a fierce love of the principles of liberty, and an overwhelming desire for its immediate fruition.

In 1789, women of all classes threw themselves with ardor into the great Revolutionary movement, and by their burning enthusiasm intensified the zeal of the men, and urged them on to heroic deeds of self-sacrifice and duty to suffering humanity.

Women of noble and unselfish ideals such as Madame Roland, or of stainless life and character like Charlotte Corday, or the fascinating, fearless, unhappy Théroigne de Méricourt, the heroine of the women's march to Versailles, or the women of the people, full of hate and desire of vengeance, who crowded round the guillotine in 1793, uttering ferocious shouts and counting with exultation the ghastly heads as they fell before the axe of Sanson, were one and all animated by the same passionate love of liberty, the mother of all virtues. All were ready to sacrifice their lives gladly for freedom, conscious of the righteousness of their cause and of its ultimate triumph.

Many unthinking, superficial people even now who have never known what it is to suffer and be despoiled to support the luxury and vice of tyrants, while shuddering at the excesses of the Reign of Terror, entirely ignore the causes of the sanguinary deeds which stand forth so luridly. They do not realize that nothing but a terrible baptism of blood could have regenerated such a corrupt country, and purged it from its grossness and selfish indifference to wrong-doing. It was civil war in another form.

When the day of vengeance came, how was it that the women seemed more ferocious than the men?

The answer is very simple. They had suffered more, and "Great miseries are always ferocious."



The hearts of thousands of mothers had been tortured by the sight of their children dying before their eyes of cold, hunger, nakedness, and disease "untaught, un comforted, unfed," or growing up miserable mental and physical abortions. Compelled as women to stay at home and have this suffering ever present to their senses, goaded to madness by the sight of it, and the feeling of their own impotency to relieve it, worn out by toil and privation so that women of thirty-five looked sixty, could they do aught but hate the rich and in most cases infamous seigneurs and their families who lived in idle luxury, dead to all feelings of humanity and pity, while exacting their legal dues to the last farthing, to spend in wantonness and prodigality at court? There is small wonder for the unexampled and bitter hate which surged up in the hearts of men and women against the rich, the nobles, and above all the great churchmen who looked smilingly on their misery, sunned themselves in the sight of royalty and harlots, but preached submission to the powers that be, while like the nobility they owned vast estates, which were practically exempt from taxation.

The monstrous burdens, too many to enumerate, which crushed down the poor, seem to us, born in happier times, extraordinary exaggerations, but they were cruel facts.

"The flocks were not tended, they were only shorn."

When the twenty-four millions of "haggard faces" became flushed with the hope of better days, and a possible era of plenty and freedom dawned upon their dazed senses, we can quite understand that they lost control over themselves, that in their mad haste for freedom and relief, they swept away all who stood in their way — many bitter foes, but also staunch devotees of the cause of humanity.

The name of one of the most prominent women of the Revolution, who also became its martyr, rises at once to our minds in connection with this subject.

The great, the incomparable Citoyenne Roland, a woman of stately beauty, of splendid gifts of mind and heart, whose nobility of soul shone forth in her mobile and expressive face, and who by her goodness and charm won all hearts, even the most hardened and degraded, when they came under the spell of her magnetic personality.

Surely no woman ever appealed more to the minds and hearts of the great majority of her sex than this one, who, with only the most ordinary advantages of culture, rose by the force of her genius above the commonplace surroundings of the small shop-keeping class in which she was born and bred, and became the intimate friend and equal of the most intellectual and noble-minded men of the day.

A high-toned Republican from conviction, taste, and inclination, many years before the word republic had even been whispered in France; during the last few years of her life, she became the idolized inspirer of the Gironde party, who, in spite of mistakes, absorbed to itself all that was most noble, devoted, unselfish and high-principled in Revolutionary France. This beautiful and intellectual woman was possessed with a love of suffering humanity, and a burning desire to redress its wrongs. She herself saw all her life how stoically misery and privation were endured, and her heart beat with indignation when she contrasted this with the frivolity of the heartless and polished courtiers whom for one brief week she critically surveyed from the "back-stairs" at Versailles. Far from being impressed or overawed by the gorgeous sight of the court ceremonial, the young girl turned away in disgust, to the astonishment of her ordinary-minded bourgeoisie mother, and requested to be taken home. "Otherwise," said she, "I shall detest these people so heartily I shall not know what to do with my hatred. They make me feel injustice and see absurdity."

Events of any importance were rare in the early years of Manon Philipon —

such was her maiden name—the only one being the death of her mother; yet in the back parlor of her father's shop, or in the solitude of her own room, this wonderful girl, with no companions but her beloved books, and no cultured acquaintances of either sex in Paris after she left her convent school, evolved for herself a scheme of duty and principle from which she never swerved, and cultivated one of the most critical and intellectual minds ever possessed by man or woman.

Probably no young damsel in the middle-class of life ever attracted more admirers than Manon Phlipon. In turn, she rejected a music master, dancing master, butcher, jeweller, pastry-cook, and woollen-draper. Viewed from her high intellectual standpoint, these doubtless worthy but uninteresting tradesmen were decidedly wanting in all that she valued most highly.

"Have I lived with Plutarch and the philosophers," she wrote to her school friend, Sophie Cannet, at Amiens, "simply to marry a tradesman with whom I have nothing in common?"

So she turned for companionship to her pen, her violin, her guitar, her books, and above all to Rousseau, whom she worshipped absorbingly, and who had immense influence on the heart and imagination of the enthusiastic young Republican.

After a time aspirants for her hand in a higher position, a doctor, a writer, a deputy from Pondicherry, were rejected by this particular young lady, who declared that "Marriage should be the most intimate union of hearts," and so exasperated Père Phlipon, the typical French father in his ideas of matrimony, that he threatened to marry her off-hand to the first man who came in his shop, if she did not change her line of conduct.

After several vicissitudes, and at last being turned out of the house by her unworthy and dissipated father, she eventually espoused a gentleman of good position, Roland de la Platière, a "philosopher," or learned man of austere life, twenty years older than

herself, whose shrewd sense, mature judgment, and variety of knowledge attracted the fastidious Manon.

For nine years Madame Roland led a peaceful and uneventful life near Lyons with her husband and only child Eudora. She identified herself in all Roland's intellectual pursuits, however dry and tedious to a young woman of her breadth of mind, and led the busy life of the middle-class Frenchwoman (than whom a more clever, capable, and active member of her sex does not exist). She helped the poor around her and formed life-long friendships with men of culture and intelligence, such as Champagneux, the founder of *Le Courrier de Lyon* (a paper of advanced Liberal principles, to which Madame Roland contributed articles, one of which created so much effect that sixty thousand copies of it were sold), and the admirable Bosc, who published the incomparable memoirs she afterwards wrote in prison. A friendship once formed with Madame Roland ended only with death.

When the news of the fall of the Bastille, July 14th, 1789, thundered in the ears of all France, and the Revolution was fairly launched, no one was more deeply stirred than Madame Roland. Her soul was full of joy and hope of a new national birth, and she followed the Revolutionary battle with the deepest emotion. Henceforth she lived only for her country. All her previous training had led up to this. She wished for nothing now but the triumph of great truths, and the regeneration of the country. She wrote soul-stirring letters, most of which appeared in print, to her friends in Paris, and inspired her readers with her own detestation of the unqualified powers of evil of the French monarchy and its parasites.

In 1791, Roland being elected deputy for Lyons in the French National Assembly, he and his wife and child settled in Paris, where the gifted and eloquent wife of the Lyons deputy became at once a power, and the centre of the political circle which surrounded her husband.

The year 1791, when "love of country, liberty, the human race, filled the hearts of men," was the year of woman's influence *par excellence*.

Nothing contributed more to urge men on to heroic deeds than the enthusiasm of the women, or more hastened the cause of the Revolution. They compared the men of their day to the heroes of old time, and held up for their emulation the sacrifices and pure patriotic ideals of republican Greece and Rome. Their enthusiasm as usual was contagious. "Who could resist these large-hearted women," says Michelet, "who suffered for others, and articulated their demands in glowing language, and appealed powerfully to the emotions by their courage, ability, and devotion? The heart played an immense part in the history of that time. The women ruled the men by sentiment, passion, and the superiority of their initiative."

Of all the women who in their turn influenced their contemporaries, none surpassed or equalled Madame Roland. Her salon in the Rue de la Harpe became the chosen resort of the celebrated Girondins, of the eloquent Vergniaud, of the "high-souled Buzot," soon to be passionately in love with Madame Roland, of the handsome and gifted Barbaroux, of Pétion, the idolized mayor of Paris, of Brissot, the originator of the celebrated saying, *La propriété, c'est le vol*, and many others, mostly young, and all ardent and enthusiastic votaries of, and believers in, the Revolution.

By her eloquent words, Madame Roland inspired these men with her own lofty republican ideals, and political dogmas, and if not nominally the head of the Gironde, she was so in reality.

Nothing base, or mean, or cruel was to enter into the formation of the republic of the Gironde. It was to be founded on the noblest and finest principles of the great old-world republics, when only the best and most capable citizens were to rule for the benefit of all. Unfortunately they ignored the fact that the huge mass of the prole-

tariat, only just enfranchised, cared nothing for ideal sentiments. Brutalized by many years of coarse tyranny and misery, with dulled and blunted feelings, without culture, the moral sense stifled, the academic Girondins with their high standard of intelligence and feeling touched them not. Marat's cry of "Heads, thousands of heads," they well understood. This appealed to their feelings of vengeance. They delighted in the scenes of carnage round the guillotine, as the Romans did in those of the Amphitheatre. "Bread and blood" was practically the Jacobin cry. Food and slaughter the Sans-Culottes appreciated. The Girondins were not thoroughgoing enough for the mob, who had now gained the upper hand, whereas Danton, Robespierre, and Marat possessed their entire confidence.

If the Girondins had exercised more brute force, and had talked less, they would have dominated the situation; as it was they entirely misunderstood the development of the latter part of the Revolution. This may be summed up by saying that on September 21st, 1792, when the Republic was declared, they congratulated themselves that the Revolution had ended, the Jacobins on the contrary thought that it had only just begun.

Always clear-sighted, Madame Roland was fully alive to the fact that the Girondins, in spite of their learning and ability, did not know how to lead. The Jacobins realized perfectly that violence and brutality joined with sentiment would make them masters of the position.

When the Roland ministry was formed in the spring of 1792, and Roland became minister of the interior, his gifted wife came in contact with a numerous circle, but what struck her most painfully was the universal mediocrity of intelligence, which surpassed all that could be imagined, from the clerk to the minister, from the soldier to the ambassador.

"I never, without this experience, could have believed my species so poor," she said.

Before that she thought that men with stronger wills were also cleverer.

When the misguided Louis XVI. vetoed the decree of the National Assembly for the banishment of the priests, and dismissed the ministry, Roland as minister of the interior addressed to the poor monarch, who had neither sufficient force to stem the Revolution nor sense to go with it, one of the most plain-spoken and ablest remonstrances that his wife's pen ever indited. In this letter, written at one sitting, and without correction, Madame Roland gave a masterly review of the events of the last four years, and exactly gauged the feeling of the community. She told the king: "There is no time for drawing back, there is no time even for temporizing. The Revolution is accomplished in all minds, it will be achieved by blood and cemented by it, if wisdom do not forestall the evils which can still be avoided. The ferment is extreme in all parts of the empire, it will burst out in a terrible manner unless confidence in the intentions of your Majesty can calm it."

She then sketches the dangers more fully to the king and the monarchy, by his resistance to the people's will, and asks why should tardy delays give him the appearance of reluctance when expedition would gain all hearts?

"I know," she writes in conclusion, "that the austere language of truth is rarely welcomed near the throne; I know also because it is hardly ever heard there, that revolutions become necessary. I know above all, that it is my duty to maintain it with your Majesty, not only as a citizen in submission to the laws, but as a minister honored with your confidence, or invested with powers that infer it, and I know nothing which can prevent me fulfilling a duty of which I am conscious."

Such plain speaking to a king as tenacious of his royal prerogative as Louis XVI. could have only one result — the dismissal of the Roland ministry.

Then immediately followed such an event as Madame Roland had prognosticated: "The 20th of June," when

the mob in thousands from the Faubourg St. Antoine, headed by Santerre and Théroigne de Méricourt, poured into the Tuileries Palace armed with pikes, and shouting "Down with the Veto!"

Even then the king's eyes were not opened. It required the massacre of his Swiss Guards on the 10th of August to do this thoroughly, when the "Marseillaise hymn" was first heard in Paris, and by that time all was over for him and his forever.

Then followed the prison massacres of the first week in September. Danton, Marat, and Robespierre had lashed the populace into frenzy by their denunciations of the foreign troops on their borders, who had begun the campaign by taking Longwy. The cry was that their enemies were coming to Paris to crush out their newly won liberty. Maddened by panic, the people rushed to the prisons and ruthlessly butchered fourteen hundred and eighty Royalists on the steps, or in the court-yards of the prisons.

The horrors of the massacre made an intense and ineffaceable impression on Madame Roland. She with the Gironde party never ceased denouncing Danton and the "Septembriseurs," and demanding their chastisement.

Nothing however shows the incompetency of the Girondins to rule more than their inability to stop these massacres.

They were in power, as the king had recalled the Roland ministry in August, Pétion, one of their chief men, was mayor of Paris, yet ministers and officials did nothing but wring their hands, when a small number of determined men sent by the mayor to the prisons would have prevented the carnage. Rulers of a lawless and sanguinary mob must be something more than Parliamentarians.

The horror which Madame Roland had conceived of the crimes of September filled her with unappeasable indignation and grief. She, the disciple of Rousseau, who believed with her master that "it was not allowable for a nation to purchase the most desirable

revolution with the blood of one innocent person," could never gloss over sanguinary crimes from motives of expediency.

She inspired her party with her own hatred of Danton, whom prosperity has, however, absolved from the immediate instigation of the prison massacres.

The Girondins attacked him unceasingly in the Convention, but he and Robespierre were too strong for them.

"We want men who see by other eyes than those of their wives," said Danton jeeringly of Roland.

For a few months after the declaration of the Republic, September 21st, 1792, the Girondins waged their hopeless war with the Jacobins, but with the formation of the Revolutionary Tribunal with powers to kill or to fill the prisons with "suspects," or opponents to Jacobinism, the Reign of Terror of 1793-4 began, and in the spring of that year Madame Roland and the Gironde party were arrested or proscribed.

In the meanwhile, the warm friendship and sympathy that existed between Buzot and Madame Roland, had in the midst of dangers and trials developed into profound love. We know that Madame Roland and her contemporaries did not regard the marriage tie as inviolable. The society of the day looked upon such a bond as ridiculous, if it were uncongenial or hateful. Divorce was easily procured, and constantly resorted to. All honor, then, must be given to Madame Roland for her determination never to take facile advantage of the law, and seek divorce from Roland, now grown old, querulous, and a source of irritation, in order to unite herself to the only man she ever passionately loved. Her husband now entirely depended upon her; she honored and respected him, although we know from her memoirs written in prison, that life with him had often been very trying. She felt the disparity in their age when going into the world, and surrounded by younger and more congenial spirits.

"I loved my husband as a tender daughter adores a virtuous father, to

whom she would even sacrifice her husband, but I have found the man who could be my lover," she wrote.

She had confessed to Roland that she loved Buzot, but had promised the ailing man she would never leave him. She struggled against her feelings for Buzot, and even quitted Paris to avoid coming in contact with him.

Buzot was married to a woman worthy of esteem and regard which he fully recognized, although she would not bear comparison with the brilliant wife of Roland.

The latter suffered as only a woman of her intensely emotional and passionate nature can do. She felt there was no hope of happiness for all four of them, and when the prison door shut her off from the outside world and freedom forevermore, we can well believe what she tells us, that it was a relief to feel that her struggle between "love and duty" was over. Prison removed the strain, and was welcome to the worn, passionate soul.

On May 31st, 1793, twenty-one members of the Gironde were arrested by order of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and in the middle of the same night "the Great Citoyenne" was aroused from sleep, and conveyed to the Abbaye Prison during the early hours of June 1st.

The women of the streets and markets, always exulting at the prospect of another victim, shouted after her "To the guillotine!"

She languished in the stifling, horrible prison for three months, bearing all her sufferings with exemplary patience and sweetness, and winning the love and respect of all, even the most debased and criminal. Her cell was just large enough for her bed, one chair, and a small table.

Her faithful friends did not desert her. Bosc came to see her and sent her plants from the Jardin des Plantes; Champagnieux came so often that he became "suspect" through his visits, and Henriette Cannet offered to exchange garments with her, and give up her life for her friend.

She occupied her time in reading,



writing, and drawing, and endeavored to lighten the captivity of her fellow prisoners by her sympathy and help. She always presented a cheerful face to them, although the jailer's wife told one of Madame Roland's friends she would sometimes weep for hours together when alone.

Worst torture of all to a sensitive mind, she had to listen to horrible and filthy denunciations of herself that were shouted beneath her prison window, by the newsvendors sent by Hébert, the owner of the infamous and disgusting journal, *Père Duchêne*. Hébert, the jackal of the press, had never ceased attacking Madame Roland, her principles, actions, manners, and even her looks. "Toothless hag" was one of the least offensive epithets he applied to this most beautiful woman. *Père Duchêne* from first to last was full of the most indecent accusations and insinuations against all reputable people, which were immensely palatable to the taste of the mob. The paper pandered to the vilest instincts, and urged the people on to theft and murder. Loathsome details of fictitious interviews with Madame Roland were shouted under her windows during the hot summer days. Every gross and insulting epithet was applied to her. From this she could not escape. The Sans-Culottes gloated over the stories, and crowded round the newsvendors with delighted appreciation.

The wretched Hébert, contrary to what may be expected, was a man of distinguished manners, with fair hair, blue eyes, and the sweetest expression of face possible. He left an enormous fortune behind him, which was confiscated after retribution in the shape of the guillotine overtook him in 1794.

Three weeks after Madame Roland's arrest, two letters were brought to her by a Mademoiselle Goussard from Buzot, who had escaped from Paris, and was wandering about with other Girondins in Normandy. On the 22nd of June she wrote to him the first of five letters, all of which have been preserved.

"How often I read them!" she wrote, referring to his two letters. "I press them to my heart, I cover them with kisses. I never hoped to receive any again."

She feared he would make some imprudent attempt to rescue her, and begs him not to do so.

"My friend, it is in saving thy country that thou canst work out my salvation. Death, torments, pain are nothing to me. I can defy them all. . . . I dare tell thee, and thou art the only one in the world who can appreciate it, that I was not very sorry to be arrested. I owe it to my executioners that they have reconciled love and duty for me. Do not pity me."

The conflict between "love and duty" was over, she was about to die. Henceforth her heart and feelings could go forth unreservedly to her lover.

On the 3rd of July she wrote her second letter to Buzot, in which she says of Roland:—

"I should like to sacrifice my life for him to acquire the right to give my last breath to thee."

In her third letter, on the 6th of July, she tells him she had had "this dear picture" (Buzot's miniature) brought to her in prison. "It is on my heart, hidden from all eyes, felt every moment, and often bathed with my tears."

Her fourth letter, dated the 7th of July, was the most ardent of them all, and was the last Buzot received.

In her fifth letter, written the same evening, she says: "O thou! so dear and so worthy to be, moderate the impatience which makes thee shudder. In thinking of the irons with which they fetter me, dost thou not see the blessings which I owe to them? With thy portrait on my heart, or beneath my eyes, I thank Heaven for having made me taste the inexpressible happiness of loving and being loved with that generosity, that delicacy, which vulgar souls will never know, and which are above all other pleasures."

During the months of September and October, she was at the prison of Ste. Pélagie.

By a refinement of torture, she had been released from the Abbaye only to be re-arrested that same hour. At the Pélagie, only a thin partition separated her from low assassins and depraved women, foul language and revolting spectacles being ever present to her senses and imagination.

It was here that she wrote her marvellous and unique memoirs, in which she described her infancy, life, and the political career of her husband, and comments on the fate of France, her friends, and the prisoners around her. These wonderful memoirs were written in twenty-two days, and were entirely without revision on her part.

Her good friend Bosc took the leaves of the precious manuscript from time to time, and hid them in the hollow of a tree in the forest of Montmorency. It was Bosc who took charge of Madame Roland's only child Eudora, who eventually married the son of her mother's other devoted friend Champagneux. It was Bosc who dissuaded Madame Roland from suicide. It was he who followed the cart which conveyed her to the guillotine. It was he who wrote the preface to her memoirs, the profits of the sale of which he reserved for Eudora Roland.

Champagneux wrote the preface to the second edition. The original manuscript is now in the Bibliothèque Impériale in Paris.

In prison the mother wrote to her young daughter: "My example will remain to thee, and I feel it is a rich inheritance."

At the dreadful and squalid prison of the Conciergerie, to which she was taken just before her death, she exercised the same wonderful spell over the prisoners as at the Pélagie and the Abbaye. Her mere presence pacified tumults and disorder. When summoned to the usual mock trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal, she dressed herself carefully in white. Her beautiful dark hair hung down her back, and her complexion appeared ravishing, in spite of the months of confinement she had experienced. When she descended into the courtyard, her hand

was repeatedly kissed by the poor creatures who crowded round her, and cried and sobbed at her departure. She was the only one who preserved her equanimity.

No serious accusation could be made against the great citoyenne, but her condemnation was a foregone conclusion. After an eloquent defence from her, she was sentenced to be guillotined.

At a quarter past four on the afternoon of the 9th of November, 1793, she was taken to the scaffold. In the same cart with her was Lamarque the forger, who displayed the most abject terror at the thought of death. Ever kind to suffering humanity, whether deserving or not, she pitied and consoled him, and even succeeded in making him smile faintly several times, so that he was enabled to meet his doom with a certain amount of fortitude.

At the scaffold, she requested Sanson to allow her companion to be executed first, in order to spare him the sight of her blood, and when he demurred, she said smilingly: "Come, you cannot refuse the last request of a lady!" and Sanson gave way.

On going herself up to the executioner, her eyes fell upon the gigantic statue of Liberty, when she exclaimed:—

"O, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!"

It was rightly said of her, "All was in tune, nothing was imperfect in this celebrated woman; she was not only the strongest character, but the truest of our Revolution."

Roland committed suicide on hearing of his wife's death.

Buzot died of want and starvation after several miserable months of hiding.

His miniature, "this dear picture," was found as late as 1863, on the ground, amongst a lot of vegetables at a greengrocer's open stall in the Marché des Batignolles. It was dreadfully dilapidated, but on the removal of the painting, a piece of paper covered with the fine writing of Madame Roland, was found containing a short his-

tory of Buzot's life, which she had written in prison.

"Buzot will live in the remembrance of men of worth," she wrote; but that which chiefly commends him to the notice of posterity is the fact that he was beloved by the great and good Madame Roland.

M. DALE.

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From Chambers' Journal.  
ITALIAN GRANITE.

ITALIAN marble has long been known in this country, and the trade carried on in its import has attained to considerable dimensions; whilst, curiously enough, the granite resources of Italy have for some reason been almost entirely overlooked, and Italian granite has remained to the present day almost entirely ignored in the United Kingdom. Under these circumstances, the attempts now being made to place Italian granite on the British markets, and to render it a commercial and economic success, call forth considerable interest, and have induced us to lay before our readers some succinct account of what may with justice almost be described as a new product in our industries, together with some brief notes of its mode of occurrence in Italy and the methods in which it is quarried and worked.

The most important seat of the granite industry in Italy is the group of quarries in the province of Novaro, situated around Baveno and Alzo. Here not only is the quarrying of the granite carried on, but the turning, polishing, and general execution of all work in connection with the finished product is also performed. The granite of the district is of two distinct classes—red and white or grey granite. The former, according to a report by Professor James Geikie—who has, after a careful megascopic and microscopic examination, pronounced an opinion on the rocks which form the subject of this article—is composed in nearly equal proportions of felspar and quartz, with a relatively small admix-

ture of mica; whilst the latter has a similar structure and texture, but with the orthoclase or potash-felspar of a white instead of a red color. Both varieties of granite have a medium grain, take a fine polish, and whilst admirably suited for ornamental purposes, are eminently serviceable in the arts owing to their durability and strength.

The principal quarries are situated on the western shore of Lago Maggiore, whose scenery is well known to all lovers of the picturesque. A feature of interest is the mode of working adopted, which consists in detaching enormous masses of granite by huge blasts. At the Monte Grassi quarry, in 1885, a charge of six tons of gunpowder was fired by electricity; whilst four months later, a similar blast, with eight and a half tons of the same explosive, was carried out. It was, however, in the autumn of 1886 that a monster blast was executed, when seventeen tons of blasting-powder and half a ton of Nobel dynamite were exploded simultaneously, displacing something like five hundred thousand cubic yards of granite; while some twenty or thirty blocks, ranging from one thousand to six thousand five hundred cubic yards each, were carried fully three hundred yards by the explosion. So much interest attached to these phenomenal blasts, that in the interests of science the Italian ministry of war deputed a major of engineers to be present and to fully report thereon.

The position of this quarry on a mountain side attaining an altitude of about two thousand feet is particularly advantageous, as the material descends by the action of gravity to the finishing and polishing works below, whence it passes to the harbor adjoining the works, and is shipped to its destination.

Another famous quarry in this district is the white quarry of Alzo, situated on the western shore of Lago d'Orta, a small lake some nine miles in a westerly direction from Lago Maggiore. This granite takes a high polish, is that employed in the construction

of the docks at Spezzia, as well as in the famous St. Gothard Tunnel. A brief examination of old buildings in the district bears abundant testimony to the durability of the granite under consideration.

No better evidence of the power of Italian granite to resist the ravages of time can be adduced than by mentioning the famous palace on the "Isola Bella," which was erected in the sixteenth century by Cardinal Borromeo with granite from Monte Grassi. This spot forms a favorite resort of tourists in north Italy; and the material of the old palace, though exposed for over three centuries to the great extremes of heat and cold here found, exhibits no signs of weathering or decay.

A feature of interest in connection

with the working of Italian granite is the cheap cost of production. Wages are low in northern Italy, and the wants of the workers being few and the necessities of life cheap; both skilled and unskilled labor is readily obtainable at lesser rates than rule in other granite-producing countries.

Viewing the cheapness of labor, the unlimited stores of granite, and the easy methods of transport by means of water, there appears little doubt that Italian granite will ere long force its way to the front, and by enabling all persons in this country to obtain supplies of an unequalled building material at low rates, will confer lasting benefits on architectural engineering and kindred industries, and through these on the public generally.

**THE EFFECTS OF INTENSE COLD UPON THE MIND.**—Extreme cold, as is well known, exerts a benumbing influence upon the mental faculties. Almost every one who has been exposed, for a longer or shorter period, to a very low temperature has noted a diminution in will power, and often a temporary weakening of the memory. Perhaps the largest scale upon which this action has ever been studied was during the retreat of the French from Moscow. The troops suffered extremely from hunger, fatigue, and cold—from the latter perhaps most of all. A German physician who accompanied a detachment of his countrymen has left an interesting account of their trials during this retreat. From an abstract of this paper by Dr. Rose, in the *New Yorker Medicinische Monatsschrift*, we find that of the earliest symptoms referable to the cold was a loss of memory. This was noted in the strong as well as those who were already suffering from the effects of the hardships to which they had been exposed. With the first appearance of a moderately low temperature (about five degrees above zero Fahrenheit), many of the soldiers were found to have forgotten the names of the most ordinary things about them, as well as those of the articles of food, for the want of which they were perishing. Many forgot their own names and those of their comrades.

Others showed more pronounced symptoms of mental disturbance, and not a few became incurably insane, the type of their insanity resembling very closely senile dementia. The cold was probably not alone responsible for these effects, for a zero temperature is rather stimulating than paralyzing in its action upon the well fed and the healthy. These men were half starved, poorly clad, worn out with long marching, many already weakened by dysentery and other diseases, and all mentally depressed, as an army in defeat always is. It needed, therefore, no very unusual degree of cold to produce the psychic effects observed under other circumstances only as a consequence of exposure to an extreme low temperature.

Medical Record.

**PAPER DUTY ABOLISHED.**—What demand there may be for production of literature in Jamaica, or what effect may be expected, we know not, but are glad to see that in that island the duty on printing paper, formerly twelve and a half per cent., has been abolished, as well as all duty levied on writing or wrapping paper. We hope the change will mark an epoch in the progress of the old colony which has so interesting a history.

